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The Message of the Flowers [poems]

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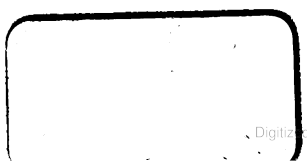

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Major and Mrs. Winchell of the Salvation Army Industrial Home, Jersey City, N. J., have received a gift of Two Hundred Books, "Message of the Flowers," from Miss Ada M. O'Neil, of Charlotte, Mich. We in turn send them to the members of the National Plant, Flower and Fruit Guild, engaged in their beautiful work, the good of which will be revealed in the glorious hereafter.

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The Message of the Flowers

COMPILED BY

ADA M. O'NEIL

CHARLOTTE, MICHIGAN
H. T. MC GRATH, PRINTER
1907

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DEDICATED
TO
ALL FLOWER LOVERS

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The Message of the Flowers.

I wonder what's in the heart o' you?
Flower so rare!
O, bloom so fair!
I know why the bees go sipping,
And butterflies shyly tipping
Your petals there!
But there's other treasure hiding,
Gentle secrets, too, confiding,
I wonder where!

For all the world loves the sight o' you,
Flower so dear!
Bright heart o' cheer!
And the poorest has delight in you
A-growing here.
I'm wondering how, O little friend,
Whom out of the earth-home God did send,
You without voice
Can still rejoice
The souls that under sore burdens bend?

I put my ear to your lips, my dear,
But never a whisper do I hear!
Yet you speak, I know, for they've told me so,
The suffering dear ones to whom you go!
Hot eyes will fill
And sobs grow still
As they lay your cheek against theirs, sweet thing,
The peace returns,
The love-light burns
As they tell the message you breathe, dear thing.

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Ah, I know! I know! and it must be so:
Wherever the flowers of God's fields grow
He speaks to you who have never a voice,
And those words of life all your lives rejoice,
Till in hue and texture and perfume rare,
And in millions of forms so fair, so fair,
You smile to the sky, where He smiles on high.
And now I can tell you the reason why
We all love you so: They are cups of praise
That around the world you silently raise.

And somewhere, forever, through nights and days,
You gladden His world for the Master's gaze.
Come, then, my flower, and we will go
To the homes where tears of sorrow flow,
To haunts where children are shut away
From fields where the birds and squirrels play,
To dear old saints who, with folded hands,
Are waiting the Captain's last commands;
Wherever God's people need heavenly cheer,
There you and I will be going, my dear.

Ada Melville Shaw.

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Beautiful Flowers.

Beautiful flowers, they come with the spring;
Come when the birds are returning to sing;
Making earth beautiful, making it bright,
Bringing to weary hearts untold delight.

Beautiful flowers, through summer they stay,
Making the fields and the meadows so gay,
Filling with grandeur the garden retreat,
Shedding about us their fragrance so sweet.

Beautiful flowers, in autumn's cold blast,
Seeming more beautiful then to the last;
Like the true friends who will lovingly stay,
E'en when all others turn coldly away.

Beautiful flowers, they give us delight
When winter comes with its garment of white,
Still in our dwellings their presence shall cheer,
Though all without may be frozen and drear.

Beautiful flowers, they gladden our way,
Oft for the sick they have brightened the day,
Silent, yet telling of God's love and care,
Who has arrayed them in colors so fair.

Beautiful flowers, the wedding they grace,
And round our dear ones departed we place,
And when loved faces are hidden from sight,
Scatter above them the blossoms so bright.

Mrs. A. R. Perham.

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For when they hear the tap, tap, tap,
  Of dancing summer showers,
Up from the earth they quickly spring,
  A million pretty flowers.

Margaret Etynge.

Thank God for the beautiful flowers
  That blossom so sweetly and fair;
They garnish this strange life of ours
  And brighten our paths everywhere.

Dexter Smith.

Simple modest blossoms,
  Smiling to the morn,
Tossing in the sunshine,
  Bowing to the storm.

Mrs. Charlotte E. Fisher.

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.

Cymbeline.

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

William Wordsworth.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
  And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
  On its leaves a mystic language bears.

Percival.

The flowers are teachers that I love;
  Their petals I have often read.
Their blossoms look to Heaven above,
  Their roots point to the sleeping dead.

George W. Bungay.

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The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

Elizabeth B. Browning.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

William Wordsworth.

'Tis but a little faded flower,
But, oh, how fondly dear.

Ellan C. Howarth.

The Reason Why.

Why are the flowers scattered 'round?
A rainbow broke upon the ground,
The yellow went to Buttercups,
The red to Roses sweet,
A bit of color to each flower
That blossoms at our feet.

The faithful drops of water try
To pick that rainbow up;
You see them every morning
In each dewy flower cup.

Bertha E. Bush.

The Flowers' Bath.

There fell a little shower one night,
It washed the blossoms' faces bright.
I know now why the flowers are sweet,
It is because they are so neat.
If we would be as sweet as they,
Then must we be as neat each day.

Helen Hood.

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To Talk With Flowers.

'Tis on a day when all is bright,
When all is lucid to my sight,
'Tis then I love to ramble out
And stroll the country round about.

'Tis then
I love to talk with roses fair,
To speak with flowers which scent the air;
To converse with the grass so green,
My soul on Nature's arm to lean.

'Tis then I love to spend the hours
Dreaming, dreaming of the flowers.
Flowers, fragrant, fragile flowers!
Would that in thy sweet perfume
I might for ages bask alone,
With God in Nature to commune.

Yemak.

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In Blossom Time.

It's O my heart, my heart,
  To be out in the sun and sing!
To sing and shout in the fields about,
  In the balm and the blossoming.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree;
  O bird, sing loud in the sky,
And honey-bees, blacken the clover bed—
  There are none of you glad as I.

The leaves laugh low in the wind,
  Laugh low, with the wind at play;
And the odorous call of the flowers all
  Entices my soul away!

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair—
  And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
  And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
  I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossoms, more pure and meek,
  May offer it up to Him.

Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush,
  O skylark, sing in the blue:
Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
  And my soul shall sing with you!

Ina D. Coolbrith.

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Pussy Willow.

The brook is brimmed with melted snow,
  The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm a crow
  His big black wings is sunning.
A close green bud the May-flower lies
  Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the South Wind blows,
And through the brown fields calling goes,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"
Within your close brown wrapper stir;
Come out and show your silver fur;
"Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple trees,
  The bluebirds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplars swinging;
And rosy will the May-flower lie
  Upon its mossy pillow,
But you must come the first of all;
"Come Pussy!" is the South Wind's call,
"Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!"
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstling of the year:
"Come, Pussy!" Pussy Willow!"

The buds are bursting into leaf,
  And the children raise a shout,
When they see the Pussy Willows
  Hang their velvet banners out.

J. H. Rockwell.

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Pussy Willow.

In her dress of silver gray
Comes the Pussy Willow gay—
Like a little Eskimo,
Clad in fur from tip to toe.
Underneath her, in the river,
Flows the water with a shiver.
Downward sweeping from the hill,
North winds whistle, loud and shrill.

Birds are loth to wing their flight
To a land in such a plight,
Not another flower is found
Peeping from the bark or ground.
Only Mother Willow knows
How to make such suits as those,
How to fashion them with skill,
How to guard against the chill.

Did she live once, long ago,
In the land of ice and snow?
Was it first by polar seas
That she made such coats as these?
Who can tell? We only know
Where our Pussy Willows grow.
Fuzzy little friends that bring
Promise of the coming spring.

Helen M. McDougal.

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Arbutus.

Here, underneath the snow, a flower
Is waiting for an April hour,
To come with blithe and balmy breeze,
And blow the spring across the leas;
Is listening, while it sleeps, to hear
The light, fleet footsteps coming near
Of warm spring rains that make the rills
Flash out, like silver on the hills,
And singing, laughing, leap away
To seek the sea; and some sweet day
A robin's song, or bubbling note
Of music from a blue-bird's throat,
Will bid it put its dreams away,
And say good morning to the May.

And then, we'll brush the leaves aside,
And find where the shy blossoms hide,
And talk with them. We need no words
To tell our thoughts in. Winds and birds
And flowers, and those who love them find
A language nature has designed
For such companionship. And they
Will tell us, each in its own way,
Things glad and strange—new, and yet old
As earth itself, and yearly told.
But there are men who have grown gray
Among them, and have never heard
The voice of any flower, and they
Laugh at men's friendship with a bird.
But we know better, you and I,
Dear little flower, beneath the snow;
Let those most foolish wise ones try—
And fail—to prove it is not so.

Eben E. Rexford.

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Trailing Arbutus.

Along a winding footpath,
  Deep in a tangled glen,
I often strolled in silence
  Far from the haunts of men.
Till once, as dreamily musing
  Beneath that sylvan bower,
Peeping pink from the faded leaves
  I saw a fairy flower.

Slowly I stooped to pick it,
  When, lo! to my surprise,
A wealth of heavenly beauty
  Nestles before my eyes;
And through the silent forest
  Its perfume soft and rare
Floats like a breath from heaven
  Upon the fragrant air.

So along life's pathway
  Often we blindly go,
Seeing only the faded leaves
  And moss, and never know
Until we delve beneath them
  And there bursts upon the air
All the beauty and the fragrance
  That God has hidden there.

William Lord Reed.

Pure and perfect, sweet arbutus,
Twines her rosy-tinted wreath.

Elaine Goodale.

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Trailing Arbutus.

Wake up! wake up, O violet,
  Open your sleepy eye,
'Tis thus the sweet arbutus sings,
  As she goes trailing by.

When first the bluebird's note we hear
  Or see its azure wing,
She holdeth up her beauteous cup—
  The first flower of the spring.

Sweet scents of woodland come to me,
  From out each blossom fair,
That drew its wondrous dewy breath
  Within a woodland air.

Where ope its petals, pearly pink,
  Only the wild-wood knows;
Will some kind fairy tell me where
  The sweet arbutus grows?

Elizabeth H. J. Cleaveland.

Where snow of winter lingers still,
Undaunted by its chill,
A little flower wild and shy,
Has borrowed from the bending sky
The pale pink of the coming dawn,
And perfume of the early morn—
And this its name, as you may know,
Arbutus flower of the snow.

George H. Lorah, D. D.

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The Early Primrose.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire,
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young spring first questioned winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Then on the bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low veil the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

Henry Kirke White.

The humble primrose's bonnie face
I meet it everywhere;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
It comes and nestles there.
Like God's own light, on every place
In glory it doth fall:
And where its dwelling place is made,
It straightway hallows all!

Nicoll.

Music, sweet music, sounds over the earth;
One glad choral song greets the primrose's birth.

Eliza Cook.

The primrose, tenant of the glade,
Emblem of virtue in the shade.

J. Mayne.

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Legend of the Primrose.

Evening Primrose, turn your petals
To the pale and twilight west,
Where the day-god gilds the cloudland
As he sinks on Thetis' breast;
Turn your tranquil flower beauty
Where I see your petals glow,
For you make my mind go dreaming
In the misty long ago.

Evening Primrose, I am thinking
Once a stately princess dwelt
In the marbled halls of grandeur
Where the knighted came and knelt.
But her harp that beat life's measure
Played a sad and minor waltz;
Plutus showed her gilded maskers,
Hymen bound her to the false.

When the gods in pity found her
Sadly dreaming in her bower,
With a magic wand they gently
Turned her white soul to a flower;
Scorning sunlight's gold and glamour,
Princess of the long ago,
Fragrant beauty of the twilight,
Evening Primrose, be it so!

Florence Josephine Boyce.

What next? A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers.

John Keats.

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The Coming of the Daffodils.

Awake, awake! for the Springtime's sake,
  March daffodils, too long dreaming!
The lark is high in the spacious sky,
  And the celandine stars are gleaming.
The gorse is ablaze, and the woodland sprays
  Are as crimson as August heather,
The buds they unfurl, and mavis and merle
  Are singing duets together.

The rivulets run, first one by one,
  Then meet in the swirling river,
And in out-peeping roots the Sun-god shoots
  The shafts of his golden quiver.
The thrush never stops in the hazel copse,
  Till with music the world seems ringing,
And the milkmaid hale, as she swings her pail,
  Comes out from the dairy singing.

The madcap lambs round their staider dams
  Are skipping as, one time, they did;
And, proud of the cheat, will the cuckoo repeat
  Soon the tale of the nest invaded.
The swain and his sweet in the love-lanes meet,
  And fondle and face each other,
Till he folds her charms in his world-wide arms,
  With kisses that blind and smother.

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Then the daffodils came, aflame, aflame,
In orchard, and garth, and cover;
And out April leapt, and first smiled,
then wept,
And longed for her Mayday lover.

Alfred Austin.

The Daffodil.

The cold, cold winter! Oh, it seemed
As if 'twould never go!
The frosty ferns, unmelted, gleamed
Long days upon the window-pane;
The white drifts filled the farm-house lane,
And all the roads were blocked with snow;
And through the bare elms, on the hill,
The north winds whistled loud and shrill.
But now 'tis past! 'tis May at last—
And lo! the daffodil!

Sweet flower of promise, welcome back!
For where thy bloom I see,
Hope whispers, with her south wind's voice,
Sad heart, look forward and rejoice
In brightness yet to be!
Life's dreary winter lingers late,
But spring will come—in patience wait!

Marian Douglas.

Daffodils.

That come before the swallow dares,
and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Shakespeare.

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Daffodil Time.

Oh, its daffodil time! You can hear from
the hills
The lyrical lilt of the winter freed rills;
You can catch, if you will, a faint flushing
of fire
On the maple bough buds and the tips of the
briar;
And the meads are released from the thrall of
the rime,
For it's daffodil time, oh, it's daffodil time!

Oh, it's daffodil time! And the tender hues
blend
In the skies like the love lighted eyes of a
friend;
And the voice of the wind, as it whispers,
beguiles,
Bearing hints of the joy of the opulent isles;
And sown with content is the path that we
climb,
For it's daffodil time! oh, it's daffodil time!

Oh, it's daffodil time! How old memories
start,
And love is renewed in the pulse of the
heart!
How the blood, like the sap, seems to leap
as it knows
A sudden relief from the thrall of the snows!
How life flows again like the beat of a
rhyme,
For it's daffodil time, oh, it's daffodil time!

Clinton Scollard.

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The Daffodils.

I wandered lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden Daffodils:
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

William Wordsworth.

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The Daffodils.

Would you be young? Behold!
Youth blossoms at your feet.
Look to the daffodils, their cups of gold
Are brimming—with the wine of youth replete.
But though it is a nectar most divine,
And though it sparkles clear and undefiled,
'Tis only yours if in your heart you find
The truth and sweetness of a little child.

Would you be glad? Bend down,
For gladness lieth near.
Each nodding daffy in her yellow gown
Is singing to you, if you can but hear;
Is singing to you of the joy of Spring,
The melody rings clear in every part—
Yet is the song so sweet, so slight a thing,
'Tis only yours if you are true of heart.

Would you be wise? Ah, then
Learn of the daffodils.
Look how they sway on slender stems, content
With sunshine and the sight of far blue hills.
The mystery of life they know full well.
Then kneel you down beside them on the sod—
Yet only to those few the truth they tell,
Who in their hearts hold fast the love of God.

Eleanor C. Hull.

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To the Snowdrop.

Pretty firstling of the year!
  Herald of the host of flowers!
Hast thou left my cavern drear,
  In the hope of summer hours?
  Back unto my earthen bowers!
Back to thy warm world below,
  Till the strength of suns and showers
Quells the now relentless snow!

B. W. Proctor.

A Snowdrop.

Only a tender little thing,
  So velvet soft and white it is;
But March himself is not so strong,
  With all the great gales that are his.

In vain his whistling storms he calls,
  In vain the cohorts of his power
Ride down the sky on mighty blasts—
  He cannot crush the little flower.

Its white spear parts the sod, the snows
  Than that white spear less snowy are,
The rains roll off its crest like spray,
  It lifts again its spotless star.

Blow, blow, dark March! To meet you here,
  Thrust upward from the central gloom,
The stellar force of the old earth
  Pulses to life in this slight bloom.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

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The Snowdrop.

Sacred to the month of snow,
When the storms of Janus blow,
Chilling, in their frigid blast,
Memories of the glorious past;
Blossom of the winter wild,
Nature's fair and gentle child,
  Born of summer's recollection.

Blossom of the days of snow—
When the rivers ice-bound flow—
Messenger of faith and hope
To the weary hearts that grope,
Casting on their darkened way
Consolation's peaceful ray,
  With its mellowing reflection.

Emblem of the love that lies
Hidden 'neath the wintry skies;
Gentle prophet of the night,
Token of the coming light—
Of the soul that springs from death,
Heralding with quickening breath
  Life's eternal resurrection.

Clifford Howard.

Nor will I then thy modest grace forget.
Chaste snow drop, venturous harbinger of spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

William Wordsworth.

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The Coming of the Crocus.

In her cozy house of mold, sheltered from the sleet
and cold,
And the winds of March that whistled overhead,
A little crocus flower waited, eager for the hour
When she might dress up and leave her wintry
bed.

Said Wild Rose and Buttercup: "It is foolish to get
up
Till we hear the pattering drops of April showers,
Till the south winds drift and float and the bluebird's
silvery note
Wakens all our family of sleepy flowers."

Dandelion called: "O wait, Crocus dear, it is not
late."
Violet and Daisy echoed the advice.
But sweet Crocus quickly dressed in gold hood and
rough green vest,
And crept up the cold, dark stairway in a trice.

It was dreary, bleak and bare till a sunbeam kind
and fair
Saw the little blossom trembling in the snow;
Then she shone with all her might, called a million
sunbeams bright,
Bluebird sang, and warm south winds began to
blow.

Olive A. Smith.

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Crocus.

A crocus in a sheltered nook
  Put up an emerald blade
With hints of gold about the heart;
  "For this is spring," it said.

Minna Irving.

The Crocus.

  Dainty young thing
Of life! thou venturous flower,
Who growest through the hard, cold bower
  Of wintry spring.

  Thou various hued,
Soft, voiceless bell, whose spire
Rocks in the grassy leaves like wire
  In solitude.

  Like patience, thou
Art quiet in thy earth,
Instructing Hope that virtue's birth
  Is feeling's vow.

  Thy fancied bride,
The delicate Snowdrop, keeps
Her home with thee;
  Near thy true side.

  Will man but hear!
A simple flower can tell
What beauties in his mind should dwell
  Through passion's sphere.

"Poetry of Flowers."

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The First Buttercup.

When all the earth was clad in white,
One day so cold and biting,
The sun for just a little while
Shone clear, the earth uplighting;
And Dorothy to Mama said,
"One little beam all yellow,
And bright as gold, has lost himself
In that big drift, poor fellow."

The soft spring rains brought forth the grass,
And all the earth was waking,
When Dorothy with childish glee
Was playing "mud pie baking."
I found a little buttercup
A-blooming near my baby.
"Now tell," I cried, "what this is dear,
For you remember, maybe?"

My little maid tried hard to think,
And at the flower stood looking,
Forgetting all those precious pies
That truly needed cooking.
And then she cried, "Oh, I know now,
It's that wee sunbeam yellow,
That lost his way one winter's day;
He's found at last, poor fellow."

C. Cunningham.

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Buttercups.

Are they under enchantment,
  These flowers holding up
All through field and meadow
  A golden cup?
Can it be that King Midas
  Passed by in the night,
And 'neath touch of his magic,
  This morn they're so bright?

All polished so smoothly,
  The yellow cups gay,
By unseen fairies,
  In the passing winds sway.
Amid the green grasses;
  Their chalices light,
Catch gems of the dewdrops,
  And sun jewels bright.

Rare treasures of nature
  The flower cups hold,
That are proffered to mortals
  Of bright fairy gold;
'Neath skies warm and sunny,
  The brook sings a tune,
Of the Buttercups brilliant
  At the shrine of young June.

Ray Lawrence.

Digitized by Google

Violets.

Welcome, maids of honor!
  You do bring
  In the spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
  Fresh and fair;
  Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden posies
  And, so graced,
  To be placed,
'Fore the Damask Roses.

Robt. Herrick.

What blooms here,
Filling the honeyed atmosphere
With faint, delicious fragrancies,
Freighted with blessed memories?
The earliest March violet,
Dear as the image of Regret,
And beautiful as Hope.

Emma Lazarus.

Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide.

Shakespeare.

The violet in her greenwood bower,
  Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
  In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Sir Walter Scott.

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Wild Violets.

O violets, sweetest of all the sweet flowers
That heaven has given this world of ours,
Sweeter than all of the roses that blow,
Sweeter than lilies as white as the snow,
Joy fills the heart and banishes gloom,
When springtime is near and violets bloom.

O, violets, violets, long ye have slept!
Long for your coming a watch I have kept.
I knew Mother Nature has put you to bed
With a soft mossy pillow for each little head,
With a quilt of brown leaves, and a bed-spread of snow,
To take a long nap 'till the spring bade you blow.

O, violets, hasten! the blue bird has come;
I hear in the sunshine the honey bees hum,
And, this morning, I saw in the maple's tall crest,
The first welcome gleam of the robbin's red vest;
The wild geese have flown to the north long ago,
But the lovely wild violets cometh so slow.

I cannot believe that the earth has grown cold,
Or the glance of the sun is less ardent and bold.
It is only that winter has lingered too long,
The grasp of his fingers was cruel and strong,
But April will route him with sunshine and rain,
And the violets will bloom where the snow-drifts have lain.

M. A. Preston.

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Stars will blossom in the darkness,
Violets bloom beneath the snow.
Julia C. R. Door.

The violets prattle and titter,
And gaze on the stars high above.
Heinze.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose.
William Wordsworth.

Here oft we sought the violet, as it lay
Buried in beds of moss and lichen gray.
Sarah H. Whitman.

Dear Violet.

Lovely, modest blossom,
Born of the sun and dew,
Little you know, sweet Violet,
Of all my love for you.

Here in the grassy meadow,
There by the brooklet's side,
'Mongst tall ferns and grasses
Your beautiful face you hide.

And why, O, lovely Violet,
Do I love your drooping face,
'Tis because your lowly meekness
Shows forth an abounding grace.
Mrs. Lewis Williams.

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Violets.

Shy, tiny and modest Violet,
  Why hide your purple glow
Beneath a screen of lovely green?
  As nestled in a row.

The passerby would scarcely see
  Your dainty, smiling face,
But your perfume rare fills all the air;
  And tells your hiding place.

Only a breath of Violets,
  Pervading the weary heart
Brings sweet rest, to the soul oppressed
  And comforting peace imparts.

Flowers, oh, beautiful flowers,
  God's tokens of silent love!
They speak no word, but the message is heard
  Like incense from heaven above.

Mrs. Grace B. Catts.

The violet droops its soft and bashful brow,
But from its heart, sweet incense fills the air:
So rich within—so pure without—art thou,
With modest mein and soul of virtue rare.

Mrs. Osgood.

We are violets blue,
  For are sweetness found,
Careless in the mossy shade,
  Looking on the ground.
Love dropp'd eyelids and a kiss—
Such our breath and blueness is.

Leigh Hunt.

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The Yellow Violet.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft in the sunless April day
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them, but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

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And when again the genial hour
  Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
  That made the woods of April bright.

William Cullen Bryant.

Only a violet,
  Blue as the skies;
But it mirrors the spring
  In its azure eyes.

Edith Virginia Bradt.

"Violets! deep blue violets
April's loveliest coronets."

"Early violets, blue and white
Dying for their love of light."

"Deep violets, you liken to
The kindest eyes that look on you."

"This country has ever a lagging Spring
Waiting for May to call its violets forth."

"The darlings of the early Spring."
"Again the violets of our early days."

"Blue ean the flash across—
Violets were born."

Winds wander and dews drip earthward;
Rains fall, suns rise and set;
Earth whirls and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

James Russell Lowell.

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"Violets, Violets, sweet March Violets,
Sure as March comes they'll come too,
First the white and then the blue."

There is something in the Violet that appeals powerfully to the imagination of the poet and the artist. One of the most modest and unassuming of flowers, it has the firmest place in the affection of flower lovers.

Wordsworth refers to it when he says:

"The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly."

It was to Whittier one of the most beautiful flowers of the springtime, and he wrote of it:

"In kindly showers and sunshine born,
The traces of the dull, gray morn,
Out from its summer and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.'

Another poet sings to it these beautiful lines:
"No flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue Violet.'

Another dainty and delicate tribute is paid to the Violet by J. Moultrie, when he says:

"Under the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little Violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the Hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

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Sweet as the Rose, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little Violets lie,
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the Violet hath been."

Flowers may come and flowers may go. There may be "flower fads" and this flower and that may hold supremacy for a season, but the Violet has charms that never grow old to those who appreciate its delicate, dainty and exquisite beauty. May its race never become extinct.

Violet.

The Violet.

Here she is again, the dear,
Sweetest vestal of the year,

In her little purple hood,
Brightening the lonesome wood.

We who, something worn with care,
Take the road, find, unaware,

Joy that heartens, hope that thrills,
Love our cup of life that fills,

Since in Spring's remembered nooks
Lifting fair familiar looks,

Once again with curtsying grace
In the same dear lowly place,

God his manual sign has set
In the tender violet.

Mrs. Sangster.

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Violet.

"Violet delicate, sweet,
Down in the deep of the wood,
Hid in thy still retreat,
Far from the sound of the street,
Man and his merciless mood:—

"Safe from the storm and the heat,
Breathing of beauty and good
Fragrantly, under thy hood,
Violet!"
"Beautiful maid discreet,
Where is the mate that is meet,
Meet for thee—strive as he could—
Yet will I kneel at thy feet,
Fearing another one should,
Violet!"

Mr. Monkhouse.

Violets.

In sylvan woods they grow,
Blossoming after the snow;
Harbingers of spring they blow,
Where rippling waters flow.

In a cool and shady bed,
With forest trees o'erhead;
They grow and bloom and spread,
Until summer days have fled.

Thus they greet us year by year,
Giving us fond heart-cheer.
And ever may they bloom as fair,
Perfuming the springtime air.

Bernice M. Abbott.

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I love all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
  All leaves from white to jet,
All the sweet words that summer sends
When she recalls her flowery friends,
  But chief—the violet!

I love, how much I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the south wind blows,
  In pretty amorous threat;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous, wondrous month of June,
  Yet more—the violet!

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
That Heaven upon the earth doth fling,
  Ere Winter's star is set;
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as angels give, unseen,
  So love—the violet!

What modest thoughts the violet teaches,
What gracious boons the violet preaches,
  Bright maiden ne'er forget!
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing thou with thy wiser heart,
  "Long live the violet."

B. W. Proctor.

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Narcissus.

I came where clustered jonquils drowsily
  Bent to their mirror'd image in a stream,
  Half veiled, like spirit faces in a dream,
And fairer far than fair reality;
So fell to visions of old Thessaly—
  Watched dryads flit through every sinuous beam
  Cleaving the shadowy vert; slim naiads gleam
From silvery waters; and swift oreads flee
Athwart dun mountain slopes at eventide.
  I saw, as in a trance, Narcissus there
Lean to his peerless semblance, yearning eyed,
  And heard sad Echo's love impassioned plaint,
Fraught with the color of her long despair,
  Fall like a distant meteor, fleet and faint.

Bessie Gray.

Easter's Choral.

  These are the Easter bells—
Ah, goldenly, ah, silverly they ring!
  Across the hilltops, down the darkling dells,
The resurrection chime of each fair spring.
  Along the garden ways
There comes the golden jonquils' trumpet call:
  "Oh, Easter bells, ring in the glad new days!
God's smile, the sunshine, lieth over all!"

Martha McCulloch-Williams.

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Almond Blossom.

Blossom of the almond-trees,
April's gift to April's bees,
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling;—
Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air,
When the royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold
And the sturdy blackthorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May;—
Coming when no flowerets would,
Save the lowly sisterhood,
Early violets, blue and white,
Dying for their love of light.
Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us,
Lest, with longing over-tried,
We die as the violets died—
Blossom, clouding all the tree
With thy crimson broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
On the bravest bough is seen,—
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well!

Edwin Arnold.

Hepatica.

Hepatica, Hepatica,
How very, very late you are.
Your Snowdrop friends came first this year;
And the violets have long been here.
I feared, sweet flower, you would not come,
To dwell here in your sylvan home.

Alice May Douglas.

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The Hazel Bloom.

I have roamed through many countries,
Through heat and cold and rains;
I have climbed the Rocky Mountains,
I have crossed the sandy plains,
I have gathered fragrant flowers
In the snowy northern clime,
On the banks of Southern rivers,
I have plucked the scented Thyme.

I have seen the thorny Cactus,
With its gaudy bloom so rare,
The stalwart Spanish dagger,
With its waxen cups so fair.
I have seen the rose tree bending,
And its wealth of fragrance strew
The dainty Lady Slipper,
With its sparkling gem of dew.

But of all the flowers gathered,
Admired and cast away,
I find in my affections,
One little flower holds sway.
Its tints are not the brightest,
Of fragrance it has none;
But to me it is the dearest
That blooms beneath the sun.
Far around my childhood clambered
The hazel bushes tall,
And their tiny, modest blossoms
Are the dearest bloom of all.

Mrs. C. V. Adams.

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Apple Blossoms.

Buds on apple boughs are swelling,
  Sweetest promise whisper they,
Folded crimson faintly telling
  How they'll blossom in sweet May;
Falling down, a scented snow,
When the gentle zephys blow.

The Orchard's Bloom.

The air is full of rich perfume
  From waving orchards near;
Their pink and white in lavish bloom
  Has crowned the early year.
While robins sing in noisy glee
  Where laden branches meet,
The waxen petals flutter free,
  A carpet for our feet.

Ruth Raymond.

While in the orchards, flushed with May's warm light,
The bride-like fruit-trees dwell, attired in white.

Henry Abbey.

The creamy blooms of orchard trees,
Full of the melody of bees.

Thomas Stephens Collier.

And over the grassy orchard
The pink white blossoms pour.

William Winter.

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Lilacs.

The lilac trees wave dainty plumes about;
Some in witching tints of lavender,
And some in snowy plumes. Sweet harbingers
Of balmy, gracious May. They put to rout
All sad and gloomy thought. We cease to doubt,
And place despair among the things that were.

Lillie Ripley.

The Lilac.

The lilac stood close to Elizabeth's window,
All purple with bloom, while the little maid spun.
Her stint was a long one, and she was aweary,
And moaned that she never could get it done.

But a wind is stirring the lilac blossoms,
And a wonderful sweetness came floating in,
And Elizabeth felt, though she could not have said it,
That a friend had come to her to help her spin.

And after that she kept on at her spinning,
Gay as a bird, for the world had begun
To seem such a pleasant, good place for working,
That she was amazed when her stint was done.

And the pale-browed, little New England maiden,
Outside of her lessons, had learned that day
That the sweetness around us will sweeten labor.
If we will but let it have its way.

Mary E. Wilkins

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Lilacs.

When lilacs bloom, their purple
sprays
The garden's drowsy depths per-
fume,
Through all the golden summer days.

The humming bird, with breast
ablaze,
Is darting through the verdant
gloom;
Each move he makes is whispered
praise.

And with their wealth my love arrays
Her sunny locks, and I assume
A lover's guise, and seek old ways,
When lilacs bloom.

Lilacs and Memory.

Lilacs, the white and purple,
Recall the dear old home,
Where friends were wont to gather,
Before I learned to roam.

I never see the blossoms
But they bring back the past,
Sweet hours of happy childhood
That were too bright to last.

Ad H. Gibson.

The doors were all wide open, at the gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze.

Longfellow.

Digitized by Google

Lilacs.

Over the blossoming hedges
Heavy with all perfumes,
Sweetly to-day there floateth
The breath of the lilac plumes.

Dear in its deepening fragrance,
Subtly the sense it thralls,
And full of sweet suggestion
Across my heart it falls.

The odor bears me backward
To the heart of another May,
When the snowy sprays were tossing
In the air of a fateful day—

A day when a purple splendor
Came flooding a narrow life,
And the pomp of life's royal pageant,
Displaced its calm with strife.

Never the breath of the lilacs
Comes with the apple blooms,
But the day of fate comes with it,
And the old time's deep perfumes.

I smell the blossoming locusts
That drooped above our way,
And spicy mint, the sassafras,
All odors of the May.

And even in the hush of night
The old time with me seems,
And lilac breath and apple bloom
Are with me in my dreams.

Hattie Griswold.

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The Rhodora.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool
  Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
  And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, oh, rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame power that brought me there, brought you.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Forget-Me-Not.

There is a flower, a lovely flower,
  Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue;
Pure as the ether, in its hour,
  Of loveliest and serenest blue.
The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
  The silent fount, the shaded grot;
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,
  Forget-me-not, forget-me-not.

F. Halleck.

And Faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in the blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Percival.

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Bleeding Heart.

The daffodil may dress in gold
  Bedecked with gems of dew;
The columbine, in colors bold,
  May flaunt her charms to view.
The dog-rose and the pimpernel
  In wayside nooks may start—
A sweeter flower blooms in the dell—
  The modest bleeding-heart.

The buttercup may tempt the bee,
  And violets dot the hill;
The summer gentian, fair to see,
  May blossom by the rill,
But yet no flower the poet sings
  Such tender thoughts impart,
As this sweet nursling of the spring,
  The modest bleeding-heart.

It boasts no subtle, sweet perfume,
  No moss-enameled bud,
But holds in each pink, petaled bloom
  A drop of ruby blood.
As if some secret grief oppressed,
  Or sorrow's pangful dart
With cruel aim had pierced the breast
  Of tender bleeding-heart.

The spotted lily, tall and fine,
  In regal grace may tower;
The larkspur and the eglantine
  May grace each sylvan bower.
The woodbine at the cottage door
  Sweet memories may impart,
But for a spirit crushed and sore,
  Oh, bring the bleeding-heart.

Helen Whitney Clark.

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Dandelion Days.

The skies have caught a deeper blue,
  The birds a sweeter song;
The willows wreate themselves anew
  In tender greens along
The winding brooks. The sheltered nooks
  Are bursting all ablaze
With stars untold of gleaming gold,
  In dandelion days.

No song more limpid or more sweet
  Than yonder bird's; no sheen
Like that of grass beneath my feet—
  Than emeralds more green.
No softer breeze e'er stirred the trees
  Than this, that gently sways
The budding beech beyond my reach,
  In dandelion days.

The song re-echoes in my heart,
  The breezes stir the blood;
Within the brain fresh fancies start,
  And wake a nobler mood.
Viewed through the clear, pure atmosphere,
  Life takes a loftier phase
And seems possessed of keener zest
  In dandelion days.

A magic spell rests on the year,
  And time has stayed its flight;
For long-lost springtides reappear
  In pageants of delight.
A child once more, I wander o'er
  The meadow's starry maze,
And life forgets its sharp regrets
  In dandelion days.

Julia E. Goodwin.

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The Dandelion.

There's a dandy little fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow—
In yellow with an overcoat of green.
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the springtime, bright and early
A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.

Through all the bright May weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
Around his yellow feather,
The gypsy fireflies camp;
His companions are the woodlark and the toad.

Spick and spandy, little dandy
Golden dancer in the dell!
Green and yellow, happy fellow,
All the children love him well!

But at last this little fellow
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green;
For he very old is growing,
And, with hair all white and flowing,
A-nodding in the sunlight he is seen.

The little winds of morning
Come a-flying through the grass,
And clap their hands around him in their glee;
They shake him without warning,
His wig falls off, alas!
And a little baldhead dandy now he is.

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O! poor dandy, once so spandy,
Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, white hair flowing,
Poor little baldhead dandy now is he.

The Household.

Dandelion Song.

I am not very handsome
And I am not very big,
Of variegated foliage
I have not a sprig.
I'm not a hot-house beauty,
Nor an exotic rare,
But all the children love me
And that is all I care.

The grown-up people eat me
And call me just a need,
I have to cultivate myself
And sow all my own seed.
I blossom all the summer,
Though no one calls me fair,
But the little children love me
And that is all I care.

Dear common flower, that grow'st
beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless
gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride
uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed
that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found.

James Russell Lowell.

Digitized by Google

The Fleur-De-Lis.

The fleur-de-lis of royal shade,
Of woven sunshine and shadow made,
Lifts up its regal, dew-crowned head
To greet the summer's onward tread.
Beside each flower a lance of green
Stands guard upon the dainty queen
Who proudly rules a tiny place
Within the garden's sheltered space.
The fleeting wind with unseen hands
Bears here and there the queen's commands
To modest snow-drop, meek and white,
And tulip tall with colors bright,
And tender fern and daffodil,
Who bow to do her royal will.

W. Reed Dunroy.

The Iris.

When Ino, the ocean nymph, youthful and fair,
  Arose from the waters deep,
And bound with the rainbow her silken hair,
  As she sprang up the rocky steep,

Fair Flora, the flower queen met her there,
  Adorned with her spectral crown;
And jealous of Ino's beautiful hair,
  In rage flung the rainbow down.

The ocean nymph fled in tearful despair,
  And hid in a lonely dell;
But the beautiful Iris blossomed there,
  Where the shattered rainbow fell.

S. Minerva Boyce.

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Grandfather's Choice.

"Dainty blossom, royal blue,
Ever reflecting the June-day sky,
Lifting your face so sunny-sweet,
Grateful ever and maidenly shy."

And so I sang a bit of a sonnet
To the blue Johnnie-jump-ups in grandmother's bonnet.

Up in the attic stowed away,
Crumpled and broken and gray with dust;
One frayed satin string half sewed
To the ragged rim, and a pin all rust
Holding fast to the flattened crown
A bunch of posies, velvet blue—
Old fashioned Johnnie-jump-ups asway
From a torn straw bonnet, dusty, gray.

One time, away in Ebentown,
Was a little log house, half hidden, they say,
By clustering vines, and snuggled down
Close to the door-stone old and gray
An old fashioned heart-shaped posy box
Where little blue blossoms looked up and smiled.
Grandfather's choice, and grandmother's pride,
Close to the sheltering door-stone wide.

Grandfather's choice, and often, they say,
He would stoop, as with clumsy fingers he placed
A bunch in grandmother's nut-brown hair,
And awkwardly pinned them fast to her waist.
They were like her eyes, so sunny and true,
They were like her lips, with their fragrant breath,
He would say as he smiled at grandmother there,
With blue Johnnie-jump-ups twined in her hair.

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Grandmother's pride; and when, one day,
Grandfather bravely marched away—
Marched for aye from the vine-draped door,
He wore on the front of his coat, they say,
Gathered by grandmother's trembling hand,
From the heart-shaped box by the door-stone old,
The bluest and sweetest of all the fair
That had blossomed for him and grandmother there.

And my lips still frame a bit of a sonnet
For the blue Johnnie-jump-ups in grandmother's bonnet.

Maude Morrison Huey.

Johnny-Jump-Up.

Spring is here, Summer's near,
Spry is Johnny-Jump-Up;
Twisting curl in a quirl,—
Dandy Johnny-Jump-Up!

"Bring a stool for lady toad,
Hasten Johnny-Jump-Up!"
(Bows in quite the latest mode,
Blue-bloused Johnny-Jump-Up.)

"Ring the bell for meeting too,
Proper Johnny-Jump-Up;
Pulpit-Jack will preach to you,
Listen, Johnny-Jump-Up!"

' "Do your duty, looking fine—' "
"Hear him Johnny-Jump-Up?
Spring-time beauty makes you shine
Clever Johnny-Jump-Up."

M. Frances Brown.

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Pansies.

Faint through the morning air like incense stealing,
  Borne by southern breezes soft and fair,
Come the pansies—their presence here revealing
  The great wonders Nature works with patient care.

See, how they come! Their noiseless step concealing
  Their near presence till the fall of Spring's warm showers;
When, lo! in velvet robes they come appealing
  To our hearts' best thoughts—thrice welcome flowers.

Their presence wakes thoughts deep down in memory dwelling,
  And again dawns the vanished merry days;
Old time music in my heart is sweetly welling,
  As far back o'er the past my memory strays.

Now mid air-castles fair my thoughts are drifting,
  And before my mind the old melodious chimes
Ring up, the past unveiled, the present now uplifting,
  Sad and sweet is this review of olden times.

M.E. H.

Early pansies,
One by one opening
the violet eye.

Sarah H. Whitman.

Of all the bonnie buds that blow
  In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go,
The whole twelve moons together,
The little purple pansy brings
  Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

Jean Ingelow.

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Sweet-Scented Pansies.

Down by the garden wall,
Shaded by cedars tall,
Sweetest of flowers all,
Grow the quaint pansies;
Their petals fair unfold
Purple and white and gold,
  Sweet-scented pansies.

Angels that stoop to earth
Gave in their matchless worth
Poems of love and mirth,
Pensive quaint pansies;
Wet with morning dew,
Screening themselves from view,
Flowers of lovers true,
  Sweet-scented pansies.

Emblem of thoughts, they bring
Thoughts of bright days of spring
When the soft zephyrs bring
Fragrance of pansies;
Softly they speak to me,
Wordless hymns sing to me,
Solace sweet bring to me,
  Sweet-scented pansies.

Annice Bodey.

Pansies, for their varying hues,
Like thoughts, diversified with bright and deep,
And gray and somber tints mirror the mind,
  In every changeful mood.
Some robe them still in milk-white garb,
And these are maiden thoughts.

Digitized by Google

My Pansies.

Open your eyes, my Pansies sweet—
  Open your eyes for me,
Driving away, with face so true,
The chilling wind and wintry hue
  That lingers so drearily.

Open your eyes, my Pansies sweet—
  Open your eyes for me,
Where did you get that purple hue?
Did a cloudlet smile as you came through
Did a little sunmbeam bold
Kiss on your lips that tint of gold?
  Tell me the mystery.

Marie.

Pansy faces wise and sweet,
In which such fragrance doth retreat,
Oh, how lovely are your eyes!
Underneath the sunny skies,
Richest hues of red and blue,
Purple, gold and white so true.

I look into your pretty eyes,
Turning heavenward to the skies.
Pretty petals pure and bright,
What could cause so much delight?
You pansies are so sweet and true
My dearest love is all for you.

Harriet E. Mason.

Digitized by Google

Pansy Faces.

A sea of faces turn to mine,
  The people of my flower city,
See there, just on the outer line,
  A blue eyed maid, so shy, so pretty,
I wonder not this gallant fine
Bends o'er her with his face ashine.

Here is a monk in sober brown,
  And here is such a funny fellow,
A jolly little circus clown
  In striped and spotted, black and yellow,
And purple queen! I see her crown,
With the regal, sweeping of her violet gown!

This grave-faced pedagogue looks wise,
  I know he teaches Greek and Latin!
Wee Modesty lifts shy sweet eyes,
  For all, she's gowned in finest satin.
That blue coquette we all surmise
Flirts daily with the butterflies!

This pure white face a saint must be.
  That faint pink blush is all-betraying;
The bride of that black, velvet king is she!
  This sombre-hooded nun is praying.
But of all the faces to me turned
Not one is cross that I can see!

Venita Seibert.

Dusky pansies, let them be
  For memory.

Christiana G. Rosetti.

Digitized by Google

Pansies.

Fairy little blossoms,
  Nodding in the breeze,
Where in all the land is found,
  Blossoms sweet as these?

Pansies are for thoughts, they say,
  If they are, I am sure,
All who love the dainty flowers,
  Thiink but what is pure.

Dainty faces fair,
  With their eyes of gold,
Clothed in gowns of every hue,
  Minding not the cold.

Dainty little comforters,
  Shedding odors sweet,
Lifting up their faces fair,
  Every one to greet.

Mate Ferris Phillips.

Pansies.

Pansies! Pansies! How I love you, pansies!
  Jaunty-faced, laughing-lipped and dewy
    eyed with glee;
Would my song but blossom in little five-leaf
    stanzas
  As delicate in fancies as your beauty is
    to me!

James Whitcomb Riley.

Digitized by Google

Sweet Peas.

Oh, restlessly
The gay, sweet pea
  Nods on her slender stem,
For far up in the summer skies,
She sees the sailing butterflies,
  And longs to go to them.

She wonders why
She must not fly
  Her warm heart's love to say.
Her pink and white and scarlet wings
Were surely made for better things
  Than thus at home to stay.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

John Keats.

The little birds have never sung as sweet as those I know,
A flitting through the gardens where blushing sweet peas grow.

Nelly Hart Woodworth.

Digitized by Google

Sweet Peas.

Their sweet faces
'Mid rare laces
Nod and bud and bend,
With courtesy
To you and me,
For they know a friend.

Dainty, slender,
Saintly, tender,
Red and white and blue,
A pure bevy
At court levee,
Simple, brave and true.

Nodding, tripping,
Dancing, dipping,
In the breeze they swing,
Now saucily,
Now bossily,
Ever on the wing.

Here a dancer,
There a lancer,
Tripping, come and go,
With scent and bloom
From beauty's loom
They swing and bud and blow.

Dame Durden.

Digitized by Google

Ten Little Sweet Peas.

Ten little Sweet Peas planted in a line,
The frost came and nipped one and then there were nine.

Nine little Sweet Peas near the garden gate,
John forgot to water one and then there were eight.

Eight little Sweet Peas climbing up to heaven,
Papa's wheel ran over one and then there were seven.

Seven little Sweet Peas, but oh, those naughty chicks
Flew the fence and scratched one and then there were six.

Six little Sweet Peas began at last to thrive,
Gyp dug up the prettiest one and then there were five.

Five little Sweet Peas, wish there were a score,
Baby pulled one by the roots and then there were four.

Four little Sweet Peas, dainty as can be,
Willie Smith tramped right on one and then there were three.

Three little Sweet Peas nodding how-de-do,
Mamma sent one to a friend and then there were two.

Digitized by Google

Two little Sweet Peas, alas, Old White-tailed
Bun
Nibbled off one slender vine and then there was
one.

One little Sweet Pea dancing in the sun,
Bloomed and bloomed and bloomed and
bloomed until there was none.

Venita Seibert.

Sweet Peas.

Clad in green the winsome things
Lift their dainty faces,
Clinging to the woven strings
Linked in their embraces.

Quaintly crowned with snowy white,
Like a bride's adorning,
Or with pink, a pretty sight,
Fair as blush of morning.

Then the red flames up to tell
Of the sunset glory,
Nightingales yield to the spell
Of the beauteous story.

Purple-clad in royal hues,
Pomp of kings revealing,
Gems her crown with evening dews,
Light from moonbeams stealing.

Pink and purple, white and red,
With their glorious blooming,
Through the gardens incense shed,
All the air perfuming.

Lavilla E. Allen.

Digitized by Google

My Nasturtiums.

Quaint blossom with the old fantastic name,
By jester christened at some ancient feast!
How royally today among the least
Considered herbs, it flings its spice and flame.
How careless wears a velvet of the same
Unfathomed red, which ceased when Titian ceased
To paint it in the robes of doge and priest,
Oh, long lost loyal red which never came
Again to painter's palette—on my sight
It flashes at this moment, trained and poured
Through my nasturtiums in the morniing light.
Like great-souled kings to kingdoms full restored,
They stand alone and draw them to their height,
And shower me from their stintless golden hoard.

Helen Jackson.

When Flora had finished her labors
And all the flowers were made,
She still had left on her palette
Many a brilliant shade.

So she gathered them all together
And added a drop of dew,
And a breeze from the sunny spice-land—
Then the Nasturtium grew.

Bessie Johnson-Bellman.

Digitized by Google

A Pitcher of Mignonette.

A pitcher of mignonette,
In a tenement's highest casement—
Queer sort of flower pot—yet
That pitcher of mignonette
Is a garden in heaven set
To the little sick child in the basement—
The pitcher of mignonette
In the tenement's highest casement.

Selected.

I found these humble little flowers
With heavenly dews still wet;
Not tall nor fair, but very sweet,
The dear, dear mignonette.

(Libretto) by Fanny E. Newberry.

Now look ye on the plain and modest guise
Of yon unlovely flower—unlovely?—no—
Not beautiful, 'tis true—not touched with hues
Like her's we late have gazed on; but so rich
In precious fragrance is that lovely one,
So loved for her sweet qualities, that I
Should woo her first amid a world of flowers;
For she is like some few beloved ones here,
Whom eyes, perchance, might slightingly pass o'er,
But whose true wisdom, gentleness, and worth,
Unchanging friendship, ever-faithful love,
And countless minor beauties of the mind,
Attach our hearts in deep affection still.

Twamley.

No gorgeous flowers the meek reseda grace,
Yet sip with eager trunk yon busy race
Her simple cup, nor heed the dazzling gem
That beams in Frittillaria's diadem.

Evans.

Digitized by Google

Heliotrope-Devotion.

The Heliotorpe said to the sun,
"I love but thee,
And evermore I turn my face
Where thou may'st be."

The sun sent down a mellow beam
Without a care
Whether it fell on stream or flower,
Or earth so bare.

And the sun said: "I shine serene
On every one,
I love the earth and all therein,
Love me, the sun."

The Heliotrope bent down its head,
"Ah, woe is me!
I care not for the earth," it said,
"I love but thee."

T. E. D.

Heliotropes with meekly lifted brow,
Say to me, "Go not yet."

Julia C. R. Door.

Flower! I love and do not love thee!
Hold my breath, but bend above thee;
Crush thy buds, yet bid them ope;
Sweetest, sweetest Heliotrope!

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

Dim, sweet-scented heliotrope.
For hope.

Christina G. Rosetti.

Digitized by Google

Honeysuckle.

The vagrant honeysuckle that at its own
sweet will
Climbs up by porch and arbor, and in at
window-sill,
With dainty breath of sweetness and
lavish wealth of flowers—
Oh! the bees are glad to welcome it to
summer's fairy bowers.

The very air is vibrant, as it swings the
dewy branch,
Where the fragrant incense only waits a
touch to launch,
And the cottage is a temple from happy
roof to floor,
When the honeysuckle wreaths are clam-
bering by the door.

When we have built our house, dear,
where all the pleasant things shall be—
The singing of the robins and the hum-
ming of the bee—
We'll plant a honeysuckle, that shall tell
us every June,
In a rhythm of its own, how to keep our
hearts in tune.

Honeysuckle wreaths above,
For love.

Christina G. Rosetti.

Digitized by Google

Pinks.

Pinks of rare crimson and snowy white,
Pinks that are born in a sweet June night,
Pinks that censers of fragrance uphold,
Distilled in some fairy's chalice of gold;
The stately Carnation's wreath-laden head,
The spicy Clove Pink from the old garden bed.
All are so rich and odorous, too,
Fresh as the morning all dripping with dew,
Pinks all dressed in their Sunday best,
Pinks without any family crest,
The mottled Pink of the "Heathen Chinee,"
Side by side with the sweet Picotee,
Says not a word of "restriction" and things,
But only her drowsy perfumery swings.
Pinks with ruffles of feathery white,
Pinks with their plumes of rose hues bedight,
Pinks of lofty and lowly degree,
A beautiful lesson can teach to me:
'Tis better to cultivate flowers than weeds,
We all can do this by our kindly deeds,
And if we but scatter mere sweetness around
So much of heaven on earth can be found.

E. A. B.

The pink in truth we should not slight,
It is the garden's pride.

Goethe.

Each pink sends forth its choicest sweet,
Aurora's warm embrace to meet.

Robinson.

Digitized by Google

Red Carnations.

One time in Arcadie's fair bowers
  There met a bright immortal band,
To chose their emblems from the flowers
  That made an Eden of that land.

Sweet Constancy, with eyes of hope,
  Strayed down the garden path alone
And gathered sprays of heliotrope,
  To place in clusters at her zone.

True Friendship plucked the ivy green,
  Forever fresh, forever fair.
Inconstancy with flippant mien
  The fading primrose chose to wear.

One moment Love the rose paused by;
  But Beauty picked it for her hair.
Love paced the garden with a sigh,
  He found no fitting emblem there.

Then suddenly he saw a flame;
  A conflagration turned to bloom.
It even put the rose to shame,
  Both in its beauty and perfume.

He watched it, and it did not fade;
  He plucked it, and it brighter grew.
In cold or heat, all undismayed,
  It keeps its fragrance and its hue.

"Here deathless love and passion sleep,"
  He cried, "embodied in this flower.
This is the emblem I will keep."
  Love wore carnations from that hour.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Digitized by Google

Poppy Fairies.

Little Poppy fairies
In the morning sun,
Nodding to the breezes,
Having lots of fun.

Some are dressed in crimson,
Some in pink and white,
Winsome little fairies,
Oh, what a funny sight.

Now the way to make them,
If you wish to know,
Is to take a Poppy,
The single kind, you know.

Bend the petals downword,
Tie around the waist,
Beg a pin from mamma
To mark a pretty face.

Then two petals outward
Tied to make the hands,
With a silken collar
Poppy fairy stands.

Spread two petals backward
For the fairy's wings,
Bobbing in the sunlight
The Poppy fairy swings.

Dancing in the sunlight,
Nodding little heads,
Bobbing in the moonlight,
When we are in our beds.

Mrs. F. H. Grasty.

Digitized by Google

Shirley Poppies.

Carmine cups and crimson, rosy cups and white,
Chalices of color fabulously bright,
Salmon-pink and scarlet, curled and crimped and fringed,
Every trembling petal exquisitely tinged.

Every clear corolla with a crown of gold
Spilling yellow pollen over every fold;
Every glowing blossom lifted to a height,
Brave and tall and stately, what a heart's delight!

Della Taylor.

Tiptoe, tiptoe pretty things,
Butterfly flowers with gaudy wings,
Gay little blossoms dancing for fun,
Flaunting your ballet girl skirts in the sun.
Now you are tired, the day is far spent,
Ah, but you had a fine time ere it went.
Dark little heads 'neath sunbonnets gay
Droop like the children tired of play.
Closer the sunbonnets draw while we peep,
There, now the poppies have all gone to sleep.

A. Beard.

And with scarlet poppies around, like a bower,
The maiden found her mystic flower;
"Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well."

Miss Landon.

The snowy poppy like an angel stands,
With consolation in her open hands.

Mary A. Barr.

Digitized by Google

Morning-Glory Grace.

Simply fed, but fully nourished,
  Spring the morning-glories blue;
Drinking air and breathing sunshine,
  Daily bathed in rain or dew;
Lightly clothed, but fresh and dainty,
  Busy climbing all the time,—
Anything grows strong when living
  Like the morning-glory vine.

Air-filled trumpets turned toward heaven,
  Whence the listening soul can hear
Melody of praise incessant,
  From the blue throats piping clear;
Always seeking higher levels,
  Always cheerful, rain or shine;—
Everything is good that's growing
  Like the morning-glory vine.

Now the dawn-light strikes the blossoms,
  Breezes toss them to and fro,
While the leaves and graceful tendrils
  Many a dainty beauty show;
But with loveliness so modest
  Vanity cannot combine;
So all things are fair whose pattern
  Is the morning-glory vine.

Minnie Rosilla Stevens.

The Morning Glories—lovely flowers they—
When gladly opening to the sun's first ray,
Sound hymns of triumph, all in sweet accord,
Heard only by the angels, "Praise the Lord!
He who hath made the happy golden day."

Margaret Etynge.

Digitized by Google

Morning Glories.

When the summer sun is lifting
  Night's dark curtain from the scene,
And the silver dawn is sifting
  Through the green wood's leafy screen;
From the door, where, twining quaintly,
  Heavy vines grow thick and fair,
Purple morning glories faintly
  Waft their perfume on the air.

As the western breeze is blowing,
  Gently sway the fair, frail flowers,
Light and airy, bright and glowing,
  Through the early morning hours,
They awaken memories tender—
  Flowers as fair as youth's bright dreams!
Like them, too, they lose their splendor
  In the broad day's scorching beams.

The Morning Glory.

Thou fairy trumpet, herald of the morn,
  For elfin hands by cunning artist made,
  Thou wakest ere the shadows westward fade
And nestling night winds leave the waving corn.

Then steal'st the earliest sunbeams to adorn
  With changeful tapestry my window shade,
  While bees, those tireless huntsmen of the glade,
With drowsy murmurs fill thy velvet horn.

O, bees that murmur, tune my humble lyre
  And mingle true contentment with my rhyme!
O, clinging blossoms, help me to aspire
  To nobler numbers and to lines sublime!
O, feed my feeble lungs with heavenly fire,
  And teach my earth-born spirit how to climb.

Charles Fremont Gale.

Digitized by Google

Hollyhocks.

They've few admirers now-a-days, an' spring up
here an' there
Beside the kitchen winder or the long forsaken
walks;
But from some cause—though odorless an' homely as
they air—
No flower gits so near my heart as these same holly-
hawks.
We used to prize 'em back at home, their beauty we
could trace,
An' by the pinks an' tetch-me-nots they found a hon-
ored place.

They could not but be dear to me beca'se they some-
how bring
Remembrance from its slumber-place an' once
familiar ways,
Whar one I love to recollec' would in the twilight
sing—
So soft it 'peared the music come from her own girl-
hood days.
Jest hollyhawks! but seems to me, seen through my
risin' tears,
They're smiles of the old-fashioned folks still livin'
through the years.

Will T.Hale.

Digitized by Google

The Clover.

Some sing of the lily, and daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summer-time throws
In the green, grassy lap of the medder that lays
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days.
But what is the lily and all of the rest
Of the flowers, to a man with a heart in his breast
That was dipped brimin' full with the honey and dew
Of the sweet clover blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,
Er fool 'round a stable er climb in the mow,
But my childhood comes back jest as clear and as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again:
And I wander away in a barefooted dream,
Whar I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover; it seems like a part
Of the sacredest sorrows and joys of my heart;
And wharever it blossoms, oh, thar let me bow
And thank the good God as I'm thanking Him now!
And I pray to Him still for the stren'th, when I die,
To go out in the clover and tell it good-by,
And lovin'ly nestle my face in its bloom
While my soul slips away on a bre'th of perfume.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Digitized by Google

The Fields of Clover.

Oh, for one more happy day,
To run, and romp and play,
Out in the fields, where over and over
I could roll once more in the fragrant clover!
For never was a joy
Being like a boy,
Out in the fields of clover.

Oh, for one more bare-foot run,
After the long hot day is done,
Down in the fields of fragrant clover,
While by my side my old dog Rover
Runs after the cows
Who stop to browse,
Out in the fields of clover.

Oh, for one more vigorous swim
In the deep old pool where the light is dim,
When down I plunge, over and over,
And when I come up I smell of clover,
As the wind blows fresh,
On my naked flesh,
Out in the fields of clover.

Oh, for one more rest at night
With my heart as free and light
As in the days now long passed over
When I played in the fields of fragrant clover;
For never was a joy
Like being a boy,
Out in the fields of clover.

Everywhere.

Digitized by Google

Four-Leaf Clover.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry-blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know;
And God put another in for luck—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong; and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

Ella Higginson.

Where the Wistaria Grows.

Japanese maiden, lithe, slender and brown,
Rests where a silver stream flows;
Eyes that show witchery, 'neath dainty fan,
Robes that the silk weaver knows!
Quaint little maiden, in far distant land,
Where the white cherry tree blows;
Languishing maiden, by spicy breeze fanned,
Where the Wistaria grows!

Sweet, winsome lassie in fair robes of white,
Under the arching elm goes,
Up to the doorway, all shaded with vines,
Bearing my heart's gift—a rose.
Japanese maiden in far-away land,
Fancy, thy bright image shows;
But here, forever, a wooer I'll stand
Where the Wistaria grows.

Elizabeth Minot.

Digitized by Google

The Feast of Roses.

A happier smile illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all in ecstacy—for now
The valley holds its feast of Roses;
The joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round and, in their shower,
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose—
The floweret of a hundred leaves
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

Moore.

The Moss Rose.

The angels of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree, sleeping lay,—
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven;
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused, in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

Krummacher.

Digitized by Google

The Wild Rose's Plaint.

In lonely spot all wild I grew,
  Pale—though sun and rain caressed—
When soft, one morn, as yet the dew
  Sparkled on my snowy breast,
A poet came and pressed his lips—
  Warm, and red with life's young blood—
Upon my snow-white rosebud tips;
  And lo! there surged a crimson flood
Throughout my veins, which dyed my breast
  As never sun nor rain could do,
And sort, each morn, his fond lips pressed
  My petals, till I rosier grew.
But, woe to me! one luckless day
  There passed a plow-boy, on his roan,
Who plucked me in his sportive play
  And claimed me for his own.
I faded in his ruthless grasp,
  He cast me here alone to die,
O love! once more to feel your clasp,
  And breathe a last good bye.

The wild rose scents the summer air,
  And woodbines weave in bowers,
To glad the swain sojourning there,
  And maidens gathering flowers.
Clare.

A waft from the wayside bank
Tells where the wild rose nods.
Bayard Taylor.

Digitized by Google

Rose-Love.

Where Roses were blooming, Flora* has blest,
Through the long summer day, sweetly at rest,
Ariel* quietly dreamed of the night,
Though the bright Sunbeams, in roguish delight,
Gently and shyly stole into his bower,
Saucily teasing him with ther bright power.
Cupid* ne'er had such delicious repose,
For he'd swooned away on the breast of a Rose.

When the silv'ry sheen of the moonlight fell
Over the forest and meadow and dell,
Ariel gently awoke from repose,
And kissed good-bye his fair sweetheart, the Rose.
With rose-scented lips he brought me her kiss;
It thrilled me and filled me with magical bliss!
O welcome the rapture that Ariel brings—
The perfume of roses he brings on his wings!

B. M. Browne.

*Flora, the goddess of flowers—"Antiquity."
*Ariel, a spirit of the air in Shakespeare's "Tempest."
*Cupid, the god of love—"Mythology."

Though in the fragrant garden close I see
Bloom upon bloom in radiant riotry,
I have no care for any flower save one—
The blushing rose she pressed her lips upon.

Clinton Scollard.

One splendid rose makes fragrant all the room;
The sun's small disc how many world's doth light!
So may a word through centuries of gloom
Be as a torch by night.

Richard Kirk.

Digitized by Google

The Red, Red Rose.

A red rose opened its petals fair,
Embalming the breeze with fragrance rare.

An innocent child with azure eyes
  And hair the tint that the sun bestows,
Gazed at its beauty in pleased surprise,
  Kissed it, and murmured "I love the Rose."

A man of the world with clouded face,
  Expressing a past whose sin arose,
And darker seemed by the blossom's grace,
  As he bitterly cried, "I hate the Rose."

Sunshine and shadow together ranged,
But the red, red Rose remained unchanged.

Florence Josephine Boyce.

The wind whispers softly a secret to me:
It has seen the first Rose of June kissed by a bee.
And I see its bright splendor flash out on the spray,
A little red world that will last for a day.

Eben E. Rexford.

And they say the smiling roses caught the blushes red,
As the maiden in confusion bent her dainty head.

Lydia F. Hinman.

Hoaryheaded frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.

Shakespeare.

Digitized by Google

Roses.

By soft showers and sunlight fed,
  Nature's art discloses,
Pink and white, and royal red,
  A world of blushing roses.

Wandering at their own sweet
    will,
  They paint the dullest places,
Or lean across the window-sill
  With love-compelling faces.

Such a grace about them clings,
  Such an odor hovers,
That these wild and wayward
    things
  Count us all their lovers.

Bloom, O roses! rank and sweet;
  May no worm o'ertake you!
June is only half complete
  'Till the sunbeams wake you.

There's Nothing Like the Rose.

The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet-pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face—
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

Christina G. Rosetti.

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A Rose in the Window.

There's a red Rose in the window,
  Rich with velvet petals gleaming
O'er a golden heart that's brimming
  With the sweetness of love's seeming.

Dainty, subtle, is her wooing,
  And her meed of homage loyal,
While rough winds from bleak skies wandering
  May not touch her beauty royal.

In that window beams a beacon
  Making home a heaven cheery,
Where unfolds the regal blossom
  When the world outside is dreary.

Mrs. D. E. Foster Horton.

To a Tea Rose.

Sweet rose of creamy petal, spicy scent,
  With Fancy's touch I tune my harp to thee—
Thou spirit of the groves of Araby
That brings me dreams of the far Orient;
  Again I gaze on gorgeous pageantry
Of lordly Mogul, while the air is pent
With clash of castanet and cymbal blent
  With servile praise of swart humanity.
And with the vanishment of flashing lance,
  Once more upon a slumb'rous river's bank
  I stand at even, neath a sky intense,
And feel the thrill of one sweet, lang'rous glance
Of veiled houri, while the air is rank
With sandalwood and myrrh and frankincense.

Laura Alton Parker.

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Roses.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
  Sorto make a feller like 'em!
And I tell you when I find a
  Bunch out where the sun can strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
  Of the ones 'at use to grow
And peek in through the chinkin'
  Of the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
  And how she used to love 'em—
When there wasn't any other—
  'Less she found 'em up above 'em,
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
  Whispered with a smile and said,
We must pick a bunch and put 'em
  In her hand when she was dead.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Old-Time Roses.

They have blossomed! the low, straggling roses,
  That roam from the old garden-bed;
They are dearer to me than all others,
  The old-fashioned rose of deep red.
Oh, I welcome the dear, old-time roses,
  I longed for their crimson and gold,
And the exquisite buds rich and fragrant,
  I wanted once more to behold.

Roses nod
  Above the river,
Thanking God
  With hearts a-quiver.

Ward Anderson.

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O, little, faded Rose bud,
What memories to thee cling,
Of the happy, olden summer,
Of the happy, olden spring.

Mrs. Charlotte E. Fisher.

The rose
Propt at the cottage door with careful hands,
Bursts its green bud, and looks abroad for way.

Thomas Buchanan Read.

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with morning beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold,
In its fair leaves, and less seen, fairer seems;
And after spreads them forth, more fair and bold.

Fairfax.

Buds of Roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers.

Odes of Anacreon.

"Gently, zephyr, fan me gently,"
Sighed the Rosebud red and sweet,
"Ah! the bliss that comes with evening,
After scorching noonday's heat."

Sidney Emmet.

Here is a half blown spray;
Say,
This shall love's anadem be!
A rose-strung wreath
For thy brow, and beneath
A rose for me!

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new.

Sir Walter Scott.

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When not one sunbeam shines amiss,
And all the air is rich perfume;
There could be but one added bliss,
The bliss of seeing roses bloom.
Dart Fairthorne.

I would be a bee, and would woo a young Rose,
Till its own fragrant heart it should freely unclose.
Eben E. Rexford.

Then Rose, sweet Rose, with blush and smile,
And breath in which all sweets are drowned,
Thou com'st to bloom for us awhile;
And with thee is the summer crowned.
Dart Fairthorne.

But I will plight with the dainty Rose,
For the fairest of all is she.
Tom Hood.
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers.
Tom Moore.

Two Roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew;
Together hailed the morning ray.
And drank the evening dew.
Montgomery.

And from rose to rose she wandered,
Kissing here and there
Drops of honey dew that glistened
On the roses fair.
Lydia F. Hinman.

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The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil, and genial air.

John G. Whittier.

Red rose, red rose,
  Flaunting in the sun,
I will offer homage
  As the rest have done;
Yet I pluck a white rose,
  Since I take but one!

Catherine Young Glen.

A single rose is shedding
  Its lovely lustre, meek and pale;
It looks as planted by despair—
  So white, so faint, the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high.

Byron.

The yellow rose leaves falling down
Pay golden toll to passing June.

Benjamin F. Taylor.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

William Cullen Bryant.

Because the rose must fade,
Shall I not love the rose?

Richard Watson Gilder.

Roses, flashing red and white,
    For delight.

Christina G. Rosetti.

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The Daisy.

The night was still in Fairyland—
  Puck strayed, a merry fellow,
On mischief bent, within his hand
  A shield of white and yellow.

In Fairyland, the story goes—
  The fay, Puck never missed her,
But dropped the shield and on his toes
  He slyly crept and kissed her.

The story goes at morning-tide,
  The hills no longer hazy
The shepherds all with wonder eyed
  The shield, a dewy daisy.

The Daisy for simplicity and unaffected air.
Robert Burns.

The Daisy by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.
William Wordsworth.

The ox-eyed daisies hail the sun,
  And sprinkle all the acres bright
  With golden stars of radiant light
Amid the feathery grasses dun.
Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

White daisies on the meadow green
  Present thy beauteous form to me:
Peaceful and joyful these are seen,
  And peace and joy encompass thee.
William Winter.

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The Daisies.

I have not seen for half a year,
Sore pent in cares and labors,
These gems of earth, these blossoms dear,
These free and gladsome neighbors;
They smile upon me as of old,
Through memory's shifting phases;
My blessings on your white and gold,
Ye well-beloved daisies!

If only once each hundred springs,
Ye bloomed the long grass under,
The crowd, with all its priests and kings,
Would throng to see and wonder;
Religion's self would kneel and pray,
And hymn your Maker's praises;
But you, ye blossom every day!
My blessings on the daisies.

Charles Mackay.

Daisies blow
  Beside the hedges,
White as snow
  Along the edges.

Ward Anderson.

Daisies quaint, with savor none,
But golden eyes of great delight,
That all men love, they be so bright.

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A Song of the Daisy.

Always so radiantly wide awake,
  Ne'er have I found you lazy,
Always so charmingly fresh and sweet,
  Dear little bright-eyed Daisy!

Close to my heart I will fold you, Daisy,
  Dearest of all the flowers,
Here is a kiss on your sweet pert face
  Sealing this friendship of ours.

White, pure white, with a heart of gold,
  Innocence, truth and love,
Surely there isn't a daintier dress
  Nor a happier face above.

You aren't a saint like the Lily, dear,
  Nor yet a coquette like the Rose,
But only a dear little flower child
  That carelessly laughs and grows.

Sorrowful souls seek the sweet heart's ease,
  Lovers the Violet,
But give me a meadow, a blue June sky,
  And a daisy field all dew wet!

Daisy, you know naught of grief and pain,
  Care never yet has found you,
It is the charm of your childlikeness
  That close to my heart has bound you!

Venita Seibert.

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Daisies.

Wherefore is it, as I pass
Through the fragrant meadow-grass,
That the daisies, nestling shyly in sweet places,
Lifting crispy, curly heads
From their wee, warm clover beds,
Seem to my imagining little elfin faces?

Can it be the daisies speak?
Leaning rosy cheek to cheek,
In a merry gossiping, lightly nodding after?
Or a fancy, that I heard
Just the faintest whispered word,
And a silver-echoing ripple of soft laughter.

Ina Colbrith

Black-Eyed Susan.

Roaming o'er the meadow grasses,
Where the crimson clovers play;
Lo, I come upon thee, Susan,
Smiling there amongst the hay:
Swaying, smiling,
Me beguiling—
Black-eyed Susan 'mongst the hay.

Many flowers have I worshipped—
Gentle roses, lilies fair,
But sweet Susan of the meadows,
Wild, strong Susan wooed me there,
Laughing, dancing,
Me entrancing,
Black-eyed Susan won me there.

Presbyterian Banner.

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Faithless, or the Two Daisies.

Daisy found a daisy
  That was white, with yellow eye.
Daisy picked the daisy;
  Shall I tell you why?

First she pulled a petal
  From the flower of white and gold,
Murmuring, "He loves me."
  Thus are fortunes told.

Then she pulled another
  And then she said, "He loves me not."
For the next, "He loves me;"
  Twelve there were I wot.

True and false, alternate,
  Did she style her lover, till
Twelfth and last she whispered,
  "Loves me not, 'tis ill."

Helpless daisy ruined;
  Foolish Daisy very sad
For the faithless conduct
  Of the handsome lad.

At the gate paused Daisy;
  On the post an arm was laid,
Slender, white and shapely;
  On the arm a head.

Ah, the daisy's message!
  Daisy's tears began to fall.
Joy had been her portion,
  This had changed it all.

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Quiet—noiseless—stealthy—
  Came a youth toward the maid;
She saw not nor heard him
  In the maple shade.

Soft his arm stole round her;
  On her cheek he pressed a kiss;
Why, if he be faithless,
  Why, oh why is this?

Daisy asked a question—
  In the twinkling of an eye
Told the daisy's story—
  Did the daisy lie?

And the lover answered,
  "Yes. But now be sure of bliss.
Love I vow and seal it
  With another kiss."

Helpless daisy ruined;
  Foolish Daisy very glad
That no man could love her
  As her handsome lad.

Bert Leach.

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The Daisy.

A Daisy in a meadow grew,
A little flower of humble hue,
And never knew, and never knew
Its whence, its why.

A Daisy in a meadow grew
With other Daisies not a few,
When summer skies above were blue,
And knew not why.

It saw the sun and drank the dew,
It felt the wind go sweeping through,
And lived and died and never knew
Its whence, its why.

The theme is trivial it is true,
Yet we, oh! friend, are trivial too,
God never told us—I or you—
Our whence—our why.

Arthur H. Goodenough.

Daisy.

I gave my little girl back to the daisies,
From them it was that she took her name;
I gave my precious one back to the daisies,
From where they caught their color she came;
And now, when I look in the face of a daisy,,
My little girl's face I see, I see!
My tears, down dropping, with theirs commingle,
And they give my precious one back to me.

George Houghton.

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Pond Lilies.

Down by the bridge in the hollow
When a brooklet sparkles bright,
There blossom the sweet Pond-Lilies
In dress of snowy white.

Pure white Lilies gently swaying
Over the water's silvery tide,
Tell me, are your leaves unfolding
To deck the brow of some happy bride?

A lovelier flower cannot be found
For the sweet young bride to wear,
They speak of her innocent purity,
Of a life that is young and fair.

But just then the wind with a plaintive sigh
Swept through the leaflets bright.
And a sadder thought seemed to fill my heart
With the day's departing light.

For among the other Lilies,
A drooping bud I spied,
And it spoke to me of a sweet young life
That had closed when our Helen died.

Again I see that pale, still face,
With dark brown waving hair,
White Lilies in her fingers clasped
She lies in the casket there.

Yet as the lilies droop and fade,
But again into fragrance spring,
I know that our Helen will be more fair
By the river of Life, with her King.

Edith Oard.

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Water Lilies.

Oh, lilies with your waxen buds,
That open to the light,
So pure and fair you ever seem,
Clad in your robes of white;
Oh, tell me how, from lakelet bed,
Low down where you have birth,
You rise, with garments all so fair,
Without one taint of earth?

Oh, lilies, on the lake afloat,
Whence come your hearts of gold?
Have you sure found some water cave,
With shining wealth untold?
Or have the sunbeams, flashing 'neath
The water, pure and fair,
Been caught by your sweet, winning grace
And closely prisoned there?

Mrs. A. B. McConnell.

Lily of the Valley.

Low in the starlit solitude,
Within a cool and silent dell,
She poureth, without interlude,
A fragrant music from her pearly bell.

Nor is it from one bell alone
Her thoughtful ringing upward soars,
But for a chime of varied tone,
A mystic plaint her loneliness deplores.

Oh, lend to weary ones thy voice!
Oh, teach the sorrowing thy song!
Then would each cloistered soul rejoice,
For music overcomes all bitter wrong.

Osmer Shepard.

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The Lily of the Valley.

Sweet gem of the garden! fair child of the vale!
Were it not that thy perfume is borne on the gale
Thy gentle attractions might blossom unseen,
For thou lovest to lurk 'neath thy canopy green,
Like a bashful recluse, all thy graces to hide,
Whilst thy sisters around thee are flaunting with pride.
But thou little reckest how others may charm,
No envy disturbs thee—no jealous alarm;
Thy merit consists not in gaudy display,
Thy sensitive form shuns the glare of the day;
But drawn from thy humble, yet graceful, recess,
Thou winnest all hearts with a magic address.
Lo! a cluster of fairy bells comes then to light,
In innocence clad with a vesture of white;
How like tender infants they cling to their stem,
Though fragile the tie, all-sufficient for them—
Whilst sustaining its charge like a parent, observe
How the tendril hangs o'er them in delicate curve!
Sweet picture of meekness, of love, and of grace!
The proud ones of earth here a moral may trace—
That beauty ne'er wears so enticing a mien
As when coyly retiring she shuns to be seen—
Through her virtues alone let her charms be revealed,
As the perfume first tells where the lily's concealed.

The lily of the vale, the flower of the queen,
Puts on a robe she neither sew'd nor spun.

Michael Bruce.

The lily in whose snow-white bells
Simplicity delights and dwells.

Balfour.

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Lilies of the Valley.

Little silent bells that ring
  Music to my heart,
Songs of many a bygone spring;
  How the quick tears start
    As I dream-remembering!

Here the brave, sweet crocus came
  With her lamp of gold,
Holding up its yellow flame,
  When the world was cold;
    (Long may poets sing her fame!)

There the lilacs met the sun,
  Purple plume, and white,
And the violet (timid one!)
  Hid herself from sight,
    Like a veiled and praying nun.

But of all dear flowers that grow
  Field and garden through,
Lilies of the valley show
  Like old friends, and true—
    With long thoughts of long ago!

White and silent bells that ring,
  Music to my heart!
Songs of many a bygone spring,
  How the quick tears start—
    As I dream-remembering!

Madeline S. Bridges.

No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers.

Keats.

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The Day Lily.

O sweet Day Lily,
You seem so silly,
  To bloom for just one day,
And in your best,
One day be dressed,
  The next to fade away.

Alice May Douglas.

The Lily.

How sweet the garden Lily,
  The queen of all the flow'rs.
She bows her head so gracefully,
  And claims these hearts of ours.
With manners unassuming,
  From gaudy colors free—
She wears a snow white mantle,
  Emblem of purity.

Albert E. Vassar.

The Lily.

From out the withered stalk where she was pent
  The lily issues in her spectre dress,
Holding to Heaven her cup of sacrament
  In virgin saintliness.

And rising from thy melancholy past—
  Its disillusionment, frustration, blight,
In power thy life may fructify at last,
  With radiance infinite.

L. A C.

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An Easter Lily.

Oh wondrous flower of white and gold,
What love Divine your leaves unfold;
What tender memories impart
The chambers of your golden heart.

Only the clods refuse to heed,
Only the dumb express no need
Of the wealth within your raiment wrought
Beside whose glory a king's was naught.

Rising from earth on your stately stem
To rear your star-crowned diadem,
An offering pure and fair and sweet
For Eastern morn at Jesus feet.

Z. Irene Dates.

Easter Lilies.

Bloom, Easter Lilies, grand and tall
In ranks of spotless white;
Lift up your dew-gemmed chalices
Toward yonder shining height.

Ye meekly bow your graceful heads
As if in silent prayer,
While Easter anthems, pure and clear,
Go pulsing through the air.

The worship of our lips and lives
Can scarce for sin atone;
Your incense freely offered up
Will reach the Father's throne.

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Easter Lilies.

They know what day this is, and so,
  Their silent messages to share,
  The lily-kindred everywhere
Are passing to and fro.

The lily-people, far and wide,
  Wake, at a signal, from their sleep,
  And gather quietly to keep
Faith with the Easter-tide.

White congregations, who shall preach
  A fairer gospel than the one
  You in the shadow or the sun
So happily can teach?

All lilies day. At such an hour
  In such communion may we rise
  To share the joyous calm you prize,
O pure white flower.

Frank Walcott Hutt.

'Tis in your heart, beloved, that the Easter
    lilies bloom,
The sweet flowers of affection whose incense
    cheers the gloom;
Go forth and spill their fragrance, what
    ever wind may blow,
The lilies of Ascension thro' all the years
    must grow.

Annie L. Mussey.

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But who will watch my lilies,
When their blossoms open white?
By day the sun shall be sentry,
And the moon and the stars by night.

Bayard Taylor.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And is no mate for me.

Hood.

Is not this lily pure?
What fuller can procure
A white so perfect, spotless clear
As in this flower doth appear.

Frances Quarles.

The lilies say: Behold how we
Preach, without words, of purity.

Christina G. Rosetti.

We are lilies fair,
The flowers of virgin light;
Nature held us forth and said:
"Lo! my thoughts of white!"

Leigh Hunt.

The tall June lilies stand anear,
In raiment white and gold.

Bayard Taylor.

The lily creeps from the cool, damp mold
And floats on the lake's calm breast.

Elaine Goodale.

Shining lilies, tall and straight,
For royal state.

Christina G. Rosetti.

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Canterbury Bells.

In the dear old-fashioned garden,
That I remember well
There grew, 'neath white syringa,
The Canterbury Bell,
With blossoms deep in color
As twilight's purple veil,
Its scentless flowers blooming
Beside the lilies pale.

Those dear old-fashioned flowers
Seemed to me, when a child,
The chiming bells of elfland,
Of garden fairies wild,
Who rang them in the breezes
Oft through the summer day,
Inviting bees to blossoms
To carry sweets away.

To-day those bells are ringing
Their chimes so sweet and wild,
In memory's treasure garden,
As when I was a child,
Awaking recollections
Of happy vanished years,
When in the shady garden
I knew not grief nor tears.

Vick's Magazine.

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White Azaleas.

Azaleas—whitest of white!
  White as the drifted snow
Fresh-fallen out of the night,
  Before the coming glow
Tinges the morning light,
  When the light is like the snow,
    White,
And the silence is like the light;—
  Light, and silence, and snow,
  All—white!

White! not a hint
Of the creamy tint
That a rose will hold
(The whitest rose) in its inmost fold,
Nor a possible blush;
White as an embodied hush;
A very rapture of white,
A wedlock of silence and light.
White, white, as the wonder undefiled
  Of Eve just awakened in Paradise:
Pure as the angel of a child
  That looks into God's own eyes.

Harriet M'Ewen Kimball.

Moon Flowers.

When steps the moon o'er heaven's purple sill,
  And golden shod, the Bear looks through the night,
Do fairies catch the moon rays as they spill,
  And twirl them into cups of gleaming white?

Hattie Whitney.

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Yucca.

A thick, sharp nest of dagger-pointed
leaves,
Black-tipped from the gray mesa rises
green,
And from its heart there springs amidst
the sheen,
As a white-pinioned bird the sunshine
cleaves;
As Hope, that life's sharp bitterness re-
lieves—
A blossom-spire that greets the sky serene,
In calm dominion o'er the desert scene.

Thick hung with creamy bells that chime
strange breves,
O Yucca gloriosa! Spirit soft,
And full of strange, mysterious subtle
scent,
Slow swing thy fair white blossom bells
aloft
In the calm mesa's wide environment,
Ringing the dirge of that old race which
oft
Heard music in thy bells and smiled con-
tent.

Florence E. Pratt.

Night-Blooming Cereus.

Children of night! unfolding meekly, slowly,
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When the dark blue heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow-worm light is in the forest bowers:
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts all purified
From earth, ye seem allied,
O dedicated flowers!

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Autumn Flowers.

'Tis now the lace flower bursts to bloom
within the meadow-land,
And cardinal blossoms by the woods like flaming torches stand;
By dusty waysides and where rivers sing in murmurs low
The clematis is twining wreaths as white as drifted snow;
From dim deserted gardens and from many a leafless nook
The purple asters blend their smiles with many a tender look;
The golden rod comes marching on with gay and swift advance—
A band of soldiers holding many a banner, plume and lance.
Oh, brave sweet autumn flowers that linger on so cheerfully,
Even though gloom and shadows throng the pathways of the sky,
Thine is a mission sweet, to stand within earth's darkened ways,
And bring again to longing hearts the smile of summer days.

Alice Jean Cleator.

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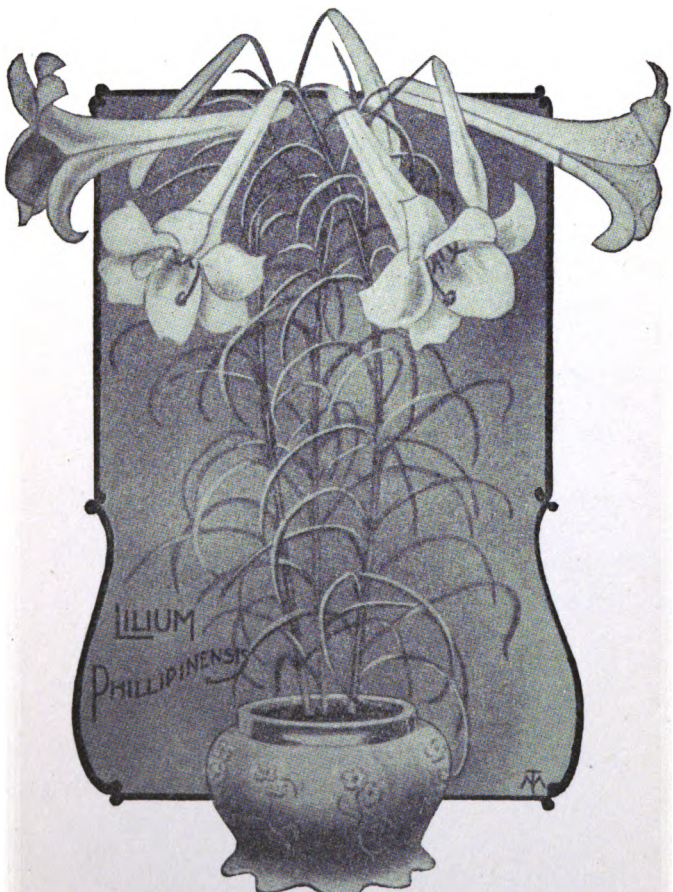

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The Cardinal Flower.

The Rose and the Lily have faded forever,
The year's afternoon is beginning to lower,
But still in the lush-grass which borders the river,
I see the red hat of the Cardinal Fower.

The drum of a partridge I hear in the thicket,
The leaves of the maple descend in a shower;
There's a rustle of boughs, and the chirp of a cricket,
And then the red hat of the Cardinal Flower.

How proudly he towers o'er the plebian grasses,
So noble, so haughty, so full of disdain;
A hillock his throne is—in tufted bog masses,
And the birds and the squirrels are guests in his train.

Ah, surely no lord of the church of the Roman
Was ever more royally splendid to see;
For God has attired this plant of the low land
That no churchman's vestment could handsomer be.

Arthur H. Goodenough.

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A Song of Gold.

Sing a song of buttercups, and other yellow
things;
Sing a song of butterflies that sail on golden
wings;
Sing a song of dandelions, smiling 'neath the
skies;
Sing a song of daisies white, that open golden
eyes;
Sing a song of catkins yellow, dangling from
the trees;
Sing a song of marigolds that nod to greet
the breeze.

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

The Marigold.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds,
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him I have you in my world of blisses,

Keats.

The marigold abroad her leaves doth spread,
Because the sun's and her power is the same.

Henry Constable.

Flowers are Love's truest language; they betray,
Like the divining rods of Marigold,
Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold,
But love—strong love that never can decay!

Park Benjamin.

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Goldenrod.

Gem of the sun-kissed West, to give you're fain
Of color rivaling her golden grain;
Nor far to seek you do we have to go;
Your glowing clusters shine for high and low,
O'er boundless prairie or by cottage gate,
A golden harbinger of happy fate.
Lo! on the coast the sun-swept rocks you've crowned,
'Till every Western heart to you is bound.
Hearts true as gold from which you take your hue
May surely find their native flower in you,
Brilliant and perfect flower, you stand confessed
A glowing symbol of the great, free West;
Each gleaming, golden cluster seems to say,
"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Kate Field's Washington.

Who would be poor, when to the hand
  Such filigrees in splendor nod?
Gold arabesques all o'er the land—
  The golden plumes of goldenrod!

M. Hancock.

Sunflower.

The Sunflower thinking
  'Twas for his foul shame
To nap by daylight,
  Strove to excuse the blame;
It was not sleep that
  Made his nod, he said,
But too great weight
  And largeness of his head.

Cowley.

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The Fringed Gentian.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light,
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when Violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or Columbines, in purple dressed,
Nor o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and buds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

William Cullen Bryant.

Beside the brook the gentian
  Closes its fringed eyes,
And waits the later glory
  Of October's yellow skies.

Mary Clemmer.

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Wild Asters.

Far back in the days I remember,
When life was all fragrant and bright,
We waited for gentle September
To come, with her mellowing light.

We watched for the earliest turning
To gold, of the hickory sprays,
And longed for the radiant burning
When the sumachs should kindle and blaze.

And when the wild asters' bright faces
Looked out, with a merry "Good-day,"
From shady and sunshiny places,
We knew she was well on her way.

Those bonny blue harbinges, tinting
With brilliance the hillslope and glen,
That autumn has strewn without stinting,
To herald her coming again—

With diligence merry, we sought them
Through acres of country perfume,
And home, in great armfuls we brought them,
To fill every vase with their bloom.

How fondly I ever remember
Those days, when our life paths were new,
When we waited and watched for September
And gathered her tokens of blue.

Hattie Whitney.

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Asters.

Purple and white and crimson,
  Yellow and pink and blue,
Many a shade and color,
  The blooming asters knew;
Many a matchless tinting,
  Many a tender hue.

Some like a ball were fashioned,
  Some like a nodding plume,
This was a daisy's sister
  Found in the aster bloom,
And that was a rose, but lacking
  The rose's soft perfume.

Purple and white and crimson—
  O, but they all were fair!
Last of the garden's treasures,
  Royal and rich and rare,
They waited the autumn's passing
  And the winter found them there.

Lalia Mitchell.

Wild Asters.

The aster puts its purple on,
  When flowers begin to fall,
To suit the solemn antiphon
  Of autumn's ritual;
And deigns, unwearied, to stand
  In robes pontificial,
Till Indian summer leaves the land
  And winter spreads the pall.

J. B. Tabb.

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'Tis thus the White Chrysanthemum,
Whose odors sweeter rise,
When lying crushed, an emblem is
Of love that never dies.

Jendwine.

White Chrysanthemum.

Fair gift of Friendship, and her ever bright
And faultless image! welcome now thou art,
Thy robes of pure loveliness, thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
Unscathed by heats—by wintry blasts unmoved—
Thy strength thus tested, and thy charm improved.

Mrs. A. P. Dinnies.

Chrysanthemums.

Only a bunch of chrysanthemums,
Pink with a heart of rose like the dawn,
Lavender flushed with a Syrian tinge,
Brown and crimson, with amber fringe,
And the glory of gold when the sun is gone.

White, like a quivering bloom of snow,
Rose, with stamens of yellow and red,
Tints like leaves where the maples nod,
Purple, like asters, where golden rod
Tosses the plumes from its burnished head.

Only a bunch of chrysanthemums,
A rainbow of bloom o'er the autumn haze,
Beautiful, palpitant, fragrant things
That carried me back on their shining wings
To the glory of other October days.

Peterson's Magazine.

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The Jessamine Bower.

I know a bower where the jessamine blows,
Far in the forest's remotest repose;
  If once the eyes have beholden the golden
Chalices swinging, farewell to the rose!

There doth the palm-plume o'er droop and the pine;
There doth the wild-grape distil its dark wine;
  There the chameleon, gliding and hiding,
Changes its hues in the shade and the shine.

Luring the lights are that falter and fail—
Beryl and amber and amthyst pale,
  Splashes of radiant splendor and tender
Tints as when twilight is deep in a dale.

By no bold bees are the stillnesses stirred;
Scarce is there bubble of song from a bird,
  Save for the turtle-dove's cooing and wooing—
Rapture without an articulate word.

Sway on, O censers of bloom and of balm!
Sweeten the virginal cloisters of calm!
  Be there one spot lovely, lonely where only
Peace is the priestess, and silence the psalm!

Clinton Scollard.

It was a jasmine bower, all bestrewn with golden moss.

John Keats.

No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
As climbing jasmine, pure.

William Wordsworth.

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Geraniums.

Geraniums! Geraniums!
With brave and steadfast eyes,
Ye face the darkest day that comes,
The bluest sunniest skies;
For shade and shine are one to thee,
And come what may, your blooms are free.

So bright, so brave, so tried, so true,
So sturdy and so gay,
We somehow grow to look to you
To cheer the winter day;
Blow high or low the winter gale,
Your loyal blooms will never fail.

No veil of myth or mystery
Hath romance round you flung,
No madrigal your history,
Nor song hath poet sung;
But bright, and plain, and every day,
You cheer us on our common way.

No crown of moss, no sweet perfume,
Nor lace-like verdue rare
Doth nature give thee; but thy bloom
Hath brightness and to spare;
And naught could better have been sent
To teach the lesson of content.

Dart Fairthorne.

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Cyclamen.

Snow covers all the barren wold,
The icy twigs on bush and tree
Shiver and rattle with the cold,
While winter winds blow free.
Peering from out its thick green leaves,
As startled at the winter's chill,
A Cyclamen, frail darling, grieves
Upon my window sill.

The lovely, twisted petals laid
Backward, as in a strange surprise,
By what mischance they ever strayed
From soft Italian skies!
Where, wooed by nightingales divine,
They riot over lane and lea,
Or drinking sunlit air like wine,
Go mad with ecstasy.

Sweet, fragile blossoms, bending near
Each other in this leaden gloom,
Their fairy murmurings reach my ear
Athwart the dusky room;
"Oh, Italy with sapphire skies,
All light and warmth and golden days,
The homesick heart within us dies,
We faint and fall from praise!

Take our freed spirits on the wing,
And waft them over land and sea;
Re-incarnate at dawn of Spring,
In life and love and thee!
Joyous by every wayside shrine,
And lavish o'er the meadows cast,
Our veins with wine incarnadine—
Exiles brought home at last!

Winifred Ballard Blake.

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A Hyacinth's Bloom.

A Hyacinth's bloom
Is filling my room
With fragrance so sweet and so rare,
I almost forget
It is still winter yet,
With the ground clad in snow ev'rywhere.

Bloom on, O, bloom on,
Till winter is gone,
And " 'Tis springtime," we gladly exclaim;
You drive away care,
While Jack Frost ev'rywhere
Is whitening the hill and the plain.

Lizzie Mowen.

Hyacinths.

Yellow bells and carmine, purple bells and white,
Chalices of color marvelously bright,
Scarlet bells and blue,
Pink and lilac too—
Home I know of fairy and of merry sprite.

When the skies are leaden, meadows brown and bare,
Lone paths, sombre woods, and snowflakes in the air—
Fairer than the flowers
Of the summer hours
Hyacinths that bloom so fearlessly and fair.

Annice Body Calland.

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"O Myrrh-Tree of Arabia."

(It is fabled that the myrrh-tree of Arabia blossoms for one hour upon Christmas Eve.)

"O Myrrh-tree of Arabia,
Why bloomest thou to-night?"
"Because upon the heavens afar
A star beams big and bright."

"O myrrh-tree of Arabia,
Why bloomest thou to-night?"
"Because the shepherds on the hills
Behold a wondrous sight."

"O myrrh-tree of Arabia,
Why bloomest thou to-night?"
"Because He hath been born Who shall
Redeem us through His might."

"O myrrh-tree of Arabia,
Why bloomest thou to-night?"
"Because the world hath gained through Him
An everlasting light."

Susie M. Best.

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Now the bright morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

John Milton.

The primrose, pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower.

Sir Walter Scott.

With clusters of the purest white
Cherry and shadbush charmed the sight,
  Like spots of snow the boughs among;
And showers of strawberry blossoms made
Rich carpets in each field and glade
  Where day its kindliest glances flung.

Alfred Billings Street.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
  Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
  And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small!

Jean Ingelow.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet.

Thomas Hood.

How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green;
    What sweet thoughts she thinks
    Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made solely to be seen.

Leigh Hunt.

Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring.

Pope.

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The tuberose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay,
Is called the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright;
She comes out when the sun's away.

Moore, Lalla Rookh.

The garden glows with dahlias large and new.

Elliot.

Life's briers and roses—its gladness and gloom—
Do they vanish together? Oh, no!
The flowerets we pluck, and condense their perfume,
The weeds to the desert we throw.

Browning.

With fragrant breath the lilies woo me now,
And softly speaks the sweet voiced mignonette.

Julia C. R. Door.

Where, here and there, on sanded beaches,
A milky-belled Amaryllis blew.

Tennyson.

Mock dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense breathing life,
Whence are ye? Did some white-winged messenger,
On Mercy's missions, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?

Mrs. Sigourney.

Throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Milton.

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The harebells nod as she passes by,
The violet lifts its calm, blue eye,
The ferns bend lowly her steps to greet,
And the mosses creep to her dancing feet.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Where the woodland streamlets flow,
  Gushing down a rocky bed.
Where the tasseled alders grow,
  Lightly meeting overhead.
When the fullest August days,
  Give the richness that they know,
Then the wild clematis comes,
With her wealth of tangled blooms,
  Reaching up and drooping low.

Dora Read Goodale.

Queen hollyhocks, with butterflies for crowns.

Jean Ingelow.

Primrose-eyes each morning ope
  In their cool, deep beds of grass;
  Violets make the air that pass
Tell tales of their fragrant slope.

Bayard Taylor.

Another rose may bloom as sweet,
Other magnolias ope in whiteness.

Maria Brooks.

Sweet verbena, which, being brushed against,
Will hold us three hours after by the smell,
In spite of long walks upon windy hills.

Digitized by Google

The bolt of Cupid fell
Upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.

Shakespeare.

The red rose cries: "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps: "She is late!"
The larkspur listens: "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers: "I wait."

Tennyson.

The honeysuckle round the porch,
Has woven its wavy bowers.

Tennyson.

You take a pink,
You dig about its roots, and water it,
And so improve it to a garden-pink,
But will not change it to a heliotrope.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path.

Robert Browning.

A drowsy balm for every bitter smart,
For happy hours the Rose will idly blow—
The Poppy hath a charm for pain and woe.

Mary A. Barr.

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.

Shakespeare.

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Roses and Jasmine embowered a door
That never was closed to the wayworn poor.

Eliza Cook.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.

Robert Tannyhill.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose by the brae,
The hawthorne's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae.

Robert Burns.

The fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odors were of power to raise from death.

Dryden.

The faintest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers.

Shakespeare.

Meek-faced Anemone drooping and sad,
Great yellow Violets smiling out glad,
Buttercups' faces beaming and bright,
Clovers with bonnets, some red, and some white;
Daisies, their fingers half clasped in prayer,
Dandelions, proud of the gold in their hair.

J. G. Whittier.

Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see;
But the wild blue-bell is the flower for me.

Louisa A. Meredith.

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Over canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, with eglantine.

Shakespeare.

Yet all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lovely daisy sweetly blows.

Robert Burns.

The anemone in snowy hood,
The sweet arbutus in the wood.
And to the smiling skies above
Say: "Bend brightly o'er my love."

Mary Clemmer.

Here bloom red roses,
Dewy wet,
And beds of
Fragrant mignonette.

Elaine Goodale.

Along the hills wild asters bend to greet
The roadside's wealth of golden-rod.

Thomas Stephens Collier.

Fair is the kingcup that in the meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows.

John Gay.

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

James Russell Lowell.

Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head.

Milton.

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The purple asters bloom in crowds,
  In every shady nook,
And ladies' eardrops deck the banks
  Of many a babbling brook.

Elaine Goodale.

Petunias are fair, the day-lily rare,
The bud o' the roses as sweet as its bonnie.

Thomas Moore.

Who does not recollect the hours
  When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers,
  Buttercups and daisies?

Eliza Cook.

The beautiful flowers, all colors combining—
The larkspur, the pink, the sweet mignonette.

Mary Howitt.

The snow-drop and primrose our woodland adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn.

Robert Burns.

The sweet-briar, under the window-sill,
  Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose, by the garden fence,
  Were all the flowers we had.

Phoebe Cary.

The berries of the brier rose,
  Have lost their rounded pride;
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
  Are heavy drooping eyed.

Alice Cary.

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The Trumpet Flower.

What is your trumpet for, dear little flower?
To herald to all at the morning hour
That this is a world of beauty and bliss,
That there ne'er was a world so fair as this.

Alice May Douglas.

The Saxifrage.

Little white trees of flowers,
Beneath your tiny shade,
How many insect creatures
Today are happy made!
Or are your branches laden
With strange white drifts of sun,
That shall but melt and vanish
Before the day is done?

Isabelle Howe Fiske.

Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath.

Cymbeline, IV., 2.

The dahlias hung like a crimson flame
Along the walks in the quaint old square;
The richest blossoms of all the year
In vivid colors blazed everywhere.

Adella Washer.

The Cranberry blossom dwelleth there
Amid the mountains cold,
Seeming like a fairy gift
Left on the dreary wold.

Twamley.

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The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,
Hung down in heavier tufts;

Pansies, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are Violets,
They will have a place in story;
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

William Wordsworth.

Marigolds, hollyhocks, prince's feather,
Bent their heads in the dim, sweet light.

Myrtle Reed.

The hollyhocks grew prim and tall
Along the sunny garden wall.

Henry Cleveland Wood.

There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance,
Pray you, love, remember.

Shakespeare.

And the faint Passion flower, the sad and holy,
Tell of diviner hopes.

Hemans.

Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violets languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

Thomas Blacklock.

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The broom, it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

Oh, the broom, the yellow broom!
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie and rest among it.

Mary Howitt.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather;
Oh! children take long to grow.

Jean Ingelow.

Whilst round the pink May-apple's bloom,
Gave myriad drinking bees their sound.

Alfred Billings Street.

By the hill-path to the seaside
Wave myriad azure bells;
And over the grassy ramparts lean
The milky immortelles.

Mary Clemmer.

The tulip tree
Its golden chalice oft triumphantly displays.

Henry Pickering.

And, of pure white,
Embedded mid its glossy leaves on high,
There the supreb magnolia lures the eye;
While waving light
The locust's airy tassels scent the ambient air.

Henry Pickering.

Digitized by Google

Immortal Amaranth, a flower that once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom.

Milton.

Sweet is the air with the budding hour,
  And the valley stretching for miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees,
  As if just covered with lightest snow.

Longfellow.

Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.

Jenyns.

Daisies pied and violets blue,
  And ladysmocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue.

Shakespeare.

I know a bank where the
    wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding
    violet grows.

Shakespeare.

Upward they look from stony, barren places,
  Asters and Golden Rod;
Raising through roadside dust their beauteus faces,
  As if in praise of God.

Anna M. L. Rossiter.

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I know not which I love the most,
  Nor which the comeliest shows,
The timid bashful violet,
  Or the royal-hearted rose.

The pansy in her purple dress,
  The pink with cheek of red,
Or the faint, fair helitrope, who hangs,
  Like a bashful maid, her head.

For I love and prize you one and all,
  From the least low bloom of spring
To the lily fair, whose clothes outshine
  The raiment of a king.

Phoebe Cary.

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Good Night to the Flowers.

O where are flowers, the beautiful flowers,
That answered so quickly the call of the showers,
That smiled with the sunbeam and wept with the dew,
And danced with each dallying zephyr that blew!
While scattering perfume so lavish and free,
Gave food to the humming bird—sweets to the bee.

I look on the garden where erstwhile they bloomed,
And shedding their fragrance the breezes perfumed.
I see them not there, who hath lured them away,
And hidden their loveliness from me, I pray?
Dame Nature is speaking. List! What does she say?
"I have hidden your darlings from sorrow away.

The long day of Summer was faded and gone,
The year's evening twilight was fast coming on,
The twilight was here, the night flown apace,
O what could they do with no warm dwelling place?
So I found for your darlings a cozy retreat,
Securely protected from tempest and sleet.

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My servant, Jack Frost, has for each built a
home
Of the purest of crystal, from basement to
dome,
Every pinnacle, turret and translucent spire
In sunlight is gleaming like opaline fire.
There I've gathered them safely to Mother
Earth's breast,
She has cuddled and fondled and soothed
them to rest.

In dreams they are wandering through Fairy-
land green,
With the Fairies they dance—hail with hom-
age their queen,
Yet they'll hear the first call of the unfettered
brook,
And meet the first robin in each sunny nook.
They will come when the soft pussies cover
the Willow,
And dot the brown earth with their red, blue
and yellow."

Dame Nature thus soothingly speaks to my
heart,
Bids its sorrow to cease—its doubts to depart.
I will mourn them no more, for I know it is
well
With my pets. In their winter home safely
they dwell.
No more will I weep. Little darlings, good night!
Sleep sweetly till Springtime shall bring
you the light.

Adaline S. Perkins.

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